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PRICE 2/6

Collectors' guide to 'Choicest' tea-ware

'Scale-blue' teapot, C.1770, with painted birds and insects in reserved panels, typifying the famous and almost over-ornate style of the period.

WORCESTER

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

A PORCELAIN manufacture was established in 1751 by a group which included Dr. John Wall, a physician whose medical prowess is forgotten, but whose name is celebrated by its identification with the first and finest period of Worcester. Associated with Dr. Wall was Edward Cave whose connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine* assured the Worcester products free publicity which their excellence deserved.

The earliest Worcester tea-ware was of a soapstone paste very similar to that of early Bristol, thin and hard-looking, creamy white or greyish, its glaze tending to recede from the base or foot-ring of a cup, saucer or jug. The Dr. Wall Period (until 1783) saw improvements in paste and potting and the introduction of fine decoration in the style of Meissen. About 1768 Chelsea artists were employed to paint in the richer manner of Sèvres and their green, yellow, claret and lavender grounds with panels of exotic birds, foliage or figure subjects, obscure the fine quality of the porcelain itself. The famous imbricated dark-blue ground known as "Scale blue", though highly priced and sought after, exemplifies this tendency toward over-decoration.

From 1783 until 1840 the Worcester factory was conducted by members of the families of Flight and Barr, and decoration became of supreme importance. Topographical subjects, shells, feathers, portraits and classical themes in colour, grey, or brown by such artists as Pennington and Baxter distinguish the tea-ware produced in large quantities throughout this period.

The absorption of other factories including Chamberlain's (1840), Kerr's (1850), Grainger's (1889), and Hadley's (1905) formed the Royal Worcester Porcelain Company which continues to the present day the manufacture of fine tea-ware in traditional and modern styles.

NOTE TO COLLECTORS. 18th century pieces are rather rare although there is a fair amount of 19th century Worcester still to be found if you have a discerning eye. Something else worth discovering is the excellent combination of Brooke Bond 'Choicest' tea together with your Worcester tea-ware. This fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas is uncommonly good. And at 2/- a quarter it is undoubtedly the best value in tea today.

Tea-caddies were small, reflecting the high cost of tea during the latter part of the XVIIIth Century.

The cake-plate was a regular item in the tea service of the period (C.1770).

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that the 42 mature "single" whiskies which go to make Ballantine's are tested always by smell. To taste them is unnecessary, and would not in fact be specially enjoyable, for it is the subtle blending of so many chosen "singles" which creates the magic of the superb Scotch.

that Ballantine's is one of the best liked Scotches in the world. In the United States, Sweden, France and many other countries, it is a top seller. The world over, whenever friends meet together, they naturally prefer the superb Scotch.

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Volume CCXXXVIII No. 3091

The SPHERE, London, August 29, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL—REHEARSING THE MILITARY TATTOO : On the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle searchlights illuminate the final scene of the tattoo, one of the most spectacular events of the three weeks of the thirteenth International Festival of Music and Drama. Rear are the French Spahis on their Arab stallions, who are taking part with the massed pipes and drums of Scottish regiments and military bands. The tattoo is held every evening, except Sundays and Thursdays.

The thirteenth Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama began last Sunday with the opening service in St. Giles' Cathedral. The twin aims of the Festival are the entertainment of thousands of people and the promotion of international friendship through the Arts. Preaching the sermon in the Cathedral, the Rev. Dr. David H. C. Read, a former chaplain to Edinburgh University and now Minister of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, took, appropriately, as his text, "He brought me to the banqueting hall and the banner over me was Love," from the Song of Solomon. He stressed the need for fruitful co-operation between art and religion. Without doubt much international goodwill has accrued from the past twelve festivals, although the opening of the thirteenth was marred by the withdrawal of the Czech Orchestra. Music for the service included coronation fanfares and anthems. The opening concert took place on the same day at the Usher Hall. Sir William Walton conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the 'cellist Pierre Fournier in a concert of his own works, which included the First Symphony.

Postage—Inland, 4d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d.

A DAY BY THE SEA: Hundreds of people sit in the hot August sun on the beach and promenade at the popular Essex resort of Clacton-on-Sea. At the far end of the beach can be seen part of an amusement park. This year, with the long spells of warm sunshine, similar scenes have been recorded at the other resorts which cater for large crowds.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The President's Visit—It looks as if Mr. Eisenhower's five days in Britain will be as close-packed as any five-day period of the Queen's Progress overseas, if less physically strenuous; indeed, the whole of his European tour will be filled with engagements and travel. He appears to be cheerfully consenting to the schedule proposed and must be held to endorse his predecessor's, Theodore Roosevelt's, insistence on the "strenuous life." It is a wonderful proof of the President's faith in his restoration to health. True, his visits to Balmoral and Chequers need not be physically strenuous. There will be many opportunities to relax in a deck-chair while others swim, garden or stalk on the high tops, and air transport, to-day made very easy for V.I.P.s, can shorten his journeys over our small island to periods counted in minutes. But statesmen of many countries mean to contact him in the next weeks. I am glad Londoners are to have a chance to see him and cheer him, and I shall be surprised if they don't give him a very hearty welcome. For duty and courage go hand in hand in his decision. After all, it is not so long ago that even his doctors regarded his return to active public life as doubtful.

Sir Evelyn Baring—Sir Evelyn Baring, according to present plans, will retire from the Governorship of Kenya by October and then take over chairmanship of the Colonial Development Corporation from Sir Nutcombe Hume, who has acted as caretaker since Lord Reith retired from C.D.C. As Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn has had a gruelling seven years of continuous anxiety and heavy responsibility, and his term has been more than once extended; and even now, in view of the General Election, the Government may be reluctant to find a successor and may press him again to carry on. He is, of course, still young in years at fifty-six. For a man whose health is not robust, who was indeed "invalided out" of the I.C.S. twenty-five years ago, his subsequent career of public service, ending with those seven hectic years in Kenya, speaks of a triumph of will over body. Certainly a successor with half his experience and knowledge would be hard to find, and if, and when, he retires in October, he will be sorely missed. And that goes for Lady Mary Baring, daughter of Lord Grey, who in those troublous seven years has "aided and abetted him" in his labours with ceaseless and incomparable charm and tact, and has proved a good angel to many residents and visitors who have been in trouble or anxiety or ill-health in that country where trouble and anxiety are not rare.

V-Day—When midnight struck on August 15 the police began in the big cities their preconcerted plan to sweep the streets clean. The Vice Act came into force. At 11.30 p.m. the business was more or less as usual. At midnight the pavements were almost deserted save by stray cats and passers-by on innocent occasions. The prostitutes, their patrons and protectors had vanished from the streets and gone underground. One or two who failed to do so paid the penalty. It is said that they, too, had a preconcerted plan and had acquired more house property to house the refugees. It may be so. For there are always people quick to hire a coach-and-four in which to drive through a new restrictive Act of Parliament, especially when it seeks to curtail financial profits. So V-Day should perhaps wear a new coat, "V. with a difference." And Mr. Butler will anxiously observe the devices of the new Heralds of Purity. It may be the P.M.G. will reap more profits from telephone calls. For boys will be boys and girls, girls. It seems that first reports sent to the Home Secretary satisfied him that a good start had been made to secure cleaner streets and pavements.

Power Corrupts—Certainly General Grivas, if ne be reported even reasonably fairly, is an example of Lord Acton's famous aphorism. During the Cyprus tragedy he became the hero of the Resistance and his methods smelt sweet and blossomed in the island and in Greece. Less so, in other quarters. After the settlement, he received promotion and a hero's welcome in Greece. But, like other men who have tasted power, a very few weeks of private life and contemplation were enough for him. He had tasted power of a kind and hankered after absolute power. First, he found the Archbishop's acceptance of the "betrayal" terms in the nature of a treachery and recantation, and judged that the people of Cyprus would be far better off if they followed his leadership and not the Archbishop's. Only a minority of Cypriots appear to have agreed with him. The Archbishop had settled already rather firmly in the saddle and Grivas turned his eyes on a higher seat. He felt he could serve Greece much better than Karamanlis, the Premier, w Government had, like Makarios, "sold out Gr and he was reported as saying that, if invited, he prepared to "lead a popular movement." South A holds many men who have once tasted or long to absolute power, who are ready to lead popular move and, indeed, the most peaceful nations have many na in the public service or elsewhere who are firmly conv that they could do things much better than the men a them. Most of them are innocent, would-be dict who would not kill a fly. Grivas has proved to the that he has no such compunction or sentimentality methods of killing flies poison the atmosphere for who live around, and perhaps in his zest for pers power he ignores the destruction left by his passage.

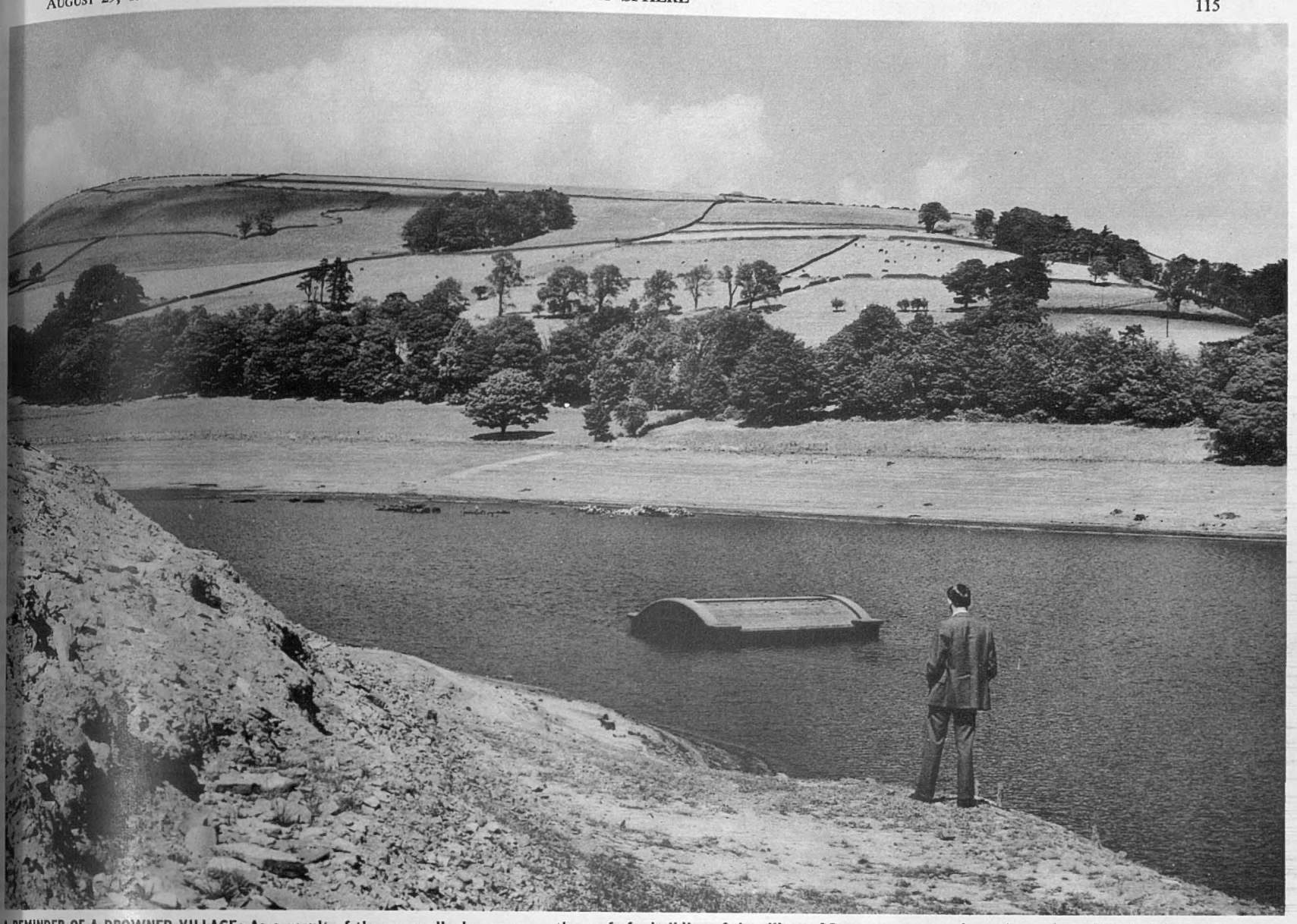
General Election: No Certainty

I am not a political prophet, but I venture so far a proclaim my view that the General Election, wh comes, will be a bitter fight and that the issue is far from certain. Such Tory organs as predict a v over are doing no good to their Party, and any and expression of optimism may induce Conservative ov sations to relax at a time when the most strenuous ef are needed to put across the Government's record intentions, and to do so constructively and repea and not by denigrating the Labour records and gramme. Labour, at any rate, is determined to and widely proclaim their Campaign Guide and lash local organisations into activity. Nothing is so so unconstructive and so unlikely to win the wobbler ill-mannered and sweeping ridicule of the other Remember 1945. Were there then a hundred prophe Britain who felt confident that Mr. Churchill's war r would count for nothing within a month or so o crowning triumphs, when it came down to the l and the local brass tacks of a General Election? I it. And what poll-wizard or student of politics can to his chariot wheel a single dyed-in-the-wool Soc who in the past two decades has been wooed by t tongued oratory from his ancient allegiance, firmly on the unemployment tragedies of the 1920's and and on legends handed down from father to son o injustices of the remote industrial revolution? There be 12,000,000 of them at least. If then we assume, fairly may, that the electorate is about equally d (and long has been so) between unswerving Socialist unpersuadable Tories, with a floating body (sma comparison) of wobblers, the indifferent and the committed, any sense of security and confidence i result is reckless and foolish. More than once i island story, a trivial, unforeseen incident on the a General Election has created a stampede to Rig Left and confounded the prophets. And, finally, in a General Election, local personalities and parish issues can hold up or reverse a moving tide of na feeling.

"Behaviour of Dog in the Night"

Conan Doyle's family claimed in the U.S.S.R. C damages amounting to £100,000 for pirated editio Sherlock Holmes stories. But three judges note the family, pointing out that Russia never subscrib the International Copyright Convention and that in Copyright rules exclude foreign authors. It is not so long ago that Victorian novelists suffered in the same in the U.S.A. The most popular of the Holmes s in Russia is the *Hound of the Baskervilles*, which has over the past years in enormous numbers. And so poor dog got none, and it is left to Holmes to call atte to "the behaviour of the dog in the night"—the Ru dog in the benighted state of the U.S.S.R. as re literature. But the Russian people perhaps show a appreciation of Doyle's powers as a story-teller than I.T.V. in Britain, who recently selected *The Noble Bac* for presentation. This story Doyle, in a letter to m "about the bottom of the list" of Holmes stories thought well of the "Hound" and took particular in *The Lion's Mane* of the final series. But he never the Holmes stories very seriously.

Manners Makyth . . .—It would be if the curiosity of a section of the public should the Queen to worship in the privacy of her palaces castles. It would be a pity if the ill-mannered cu of tourists and sightseers compelled even those guard her residences to retreat behind bars. I sympa with her Guards. I sympathise with the minist Crathie Church and certainly back the suggestion he should at least pass round the collecting-box amo Sunday snoopers. And, above all, I sympathise wi Queen. I remember on my only visit on a Royal occ to Crathie Church that the crowd was preponderan female, and, though I suppose bad manners are equally a failing of both sexes, I dare say curiously lack of shame are more common and strong among wo There was some evidence of that at a ball during Canadian tour and in former days at Palace garden pa It is, of course, all a question of good manners. The still a national virtue with some races, Spaniards Highlanders among them. Where they are not inb they must be taught, and there is very little chan



A REMINDER OF A DROWNED VILLAGE: As a result of the unusually dry summer, the roof of a building of the village of Derwent appears above the surface of the Ladybower Reservoir, in north-eastern Derbyshire. Derwent and its neighbouring village of Ashopton were submerged in September 1945, with the opening of the reservoir by King George VI. The dam at Ladybower is 1,250 ft. in length and normally the reservoir holds about 300,000,000 gallons of water. It serves the Sheffield, Derby, Leicester and Nottingham districts.

young people learning them in Britain to-day. For vulgarity and publicity are rife and approved. Indeed, it is probably just to admit extenuating circumstances in a majority of instances of gross ill-manners, for I believe that snoopers and litter-fiends, and all sorts of women and men who constantly outrage good taste and good manners, have little or no *mens rea*, and are genuinely astonished when the enormity of their practices is pointed out to them. So we have a long way to go before we can nationally re-establish the principle that a gentleman or lady is one who respects himself and respects others.

"She Can Do 100 Easily"—I noted with interest recently that high speeds on the autobahns in Germany are less common than they were, and that most motorists possessing cars capable of 100 m.p.h. have come to find 60 to 65 m.p.h. a judicious maximum. It does not surprise me while it consoles me. We know to our sorrow that one of the greatest of drivers was not, on our road system, proof against the risks of excessive speed, and here in Britain, despite the zeal of the Minister, it will be many years before we build long stretches over our road system which will encourage the speed fiends to find out, by trial and error and general risk, the judicious maximum. So it is that I regret and question the wisdom of car manufacturers who turn out for our home market cars capable of 100 m.p.h. speeds. No doubt, such latent power attracts a number of youthful car-buyers, no doubt many of them try out their new toys to capacity to the terror of the "average" motorist and at the risk of life. But even hot youth learns by experience, and when at Hindhead on A.3 some ardent young owner of a speed car, having left a sober family car standing, finds it on his tail after crossing Putney Bridge, he must come to ponder whether the risks he took were worth while, and whether his costly potential speed might not just as well remain potential, a thing to boast about but not to exploit.

CIVIL SERVICE TYPISTS' MEETING: One man sits among laughing women typists at the Central Hall, Westminster. Nearly 3,000 Civil Service typists and machine operators attended the mass meeting to protest against Treasury pay-cut proposals. Afterwards they staged a march through the nearby streets. It is stated that senior grades will lose up to 19s. per week.

LADY CHURCHILL AT LONDON AIRPORT: She is with her daughter Sarah, who met her on her arrival from Nice. Lady Churchill is to undergo a minor eye operation while she is in London.

Half a Loaf or No Bread?—I don't enter into religious controversy nowadays, having passed the psalmist's datum line, and I never question "Bishops' rulings." The flesh is weak, and if in principle I like to go to church on Sunday, I find many of the services in country churches intolerably flaccid, and in winter the churches are often very cold. For my part, I deplore "extemporary" prayer as substitute for those prayers endeared to us from childhood and still musical and lovely in their incomparable prose style, and to that extent would adhere strictly to the appointed service of 300 years back. But there is a strong case for a shortened Matins, the flesh being still weak, if not weaker, moral and social pressure less strong and diversions more attractive; and I am absolutely sure that our country churches would be better attended, if variety were introduced to supply a forty-five-minute Matins each Sunday, and if someone qualified in each parish were appointed to sift and select among the psalms and hymns appropriate to the day, rigidly, as a matter of taste, rejecting always the all too many examples of turgid doggerel and tunes in the hymnal which many find intolerable. Half-a-loaf is better than no bread, and a *brioche* more palatable and digestible than a mass of dough.

Paying for Our Fun?—After (I suppose "after?") a summer we are unlikely to enjoy again for a decade, the time has come to pay for our fun. If, for weeks on end, there have shimmered round us "butterflies, all blue," now, as Pélissier put it, "there are round us everywhere beetles—all black." And maggots; and rain; and when the rain falls in cloudbursts for hours at a time, how it shows up the plumbing of old houses; how the decayed leaves of former autumns and the tile chips build up a foot a year in the down pipes till the cascades burst into bedrooms and seep through walls, and the 1½-in. pipes, so dear to Victorian builders, are found totally unable to carry down more than the normal volume of falling rain. Better to find these things out while summer lingers and there is time to prepare for winter. When an urgent plumbing job is forced on the amateur, be sure it comes in darkness and just after dinner, in icy cold or drenching rain, when good easy men prefer to digest and smoke and listen to the news. Certainly 4 ins. of rain in the first fortnight of August is a reasonably large instalment on our debt to a, for once, kindly Nature. But it seems that Nature is kindly still at the moment of writing and is letting out more blue butterflies from her box.

THE OLD STAGER

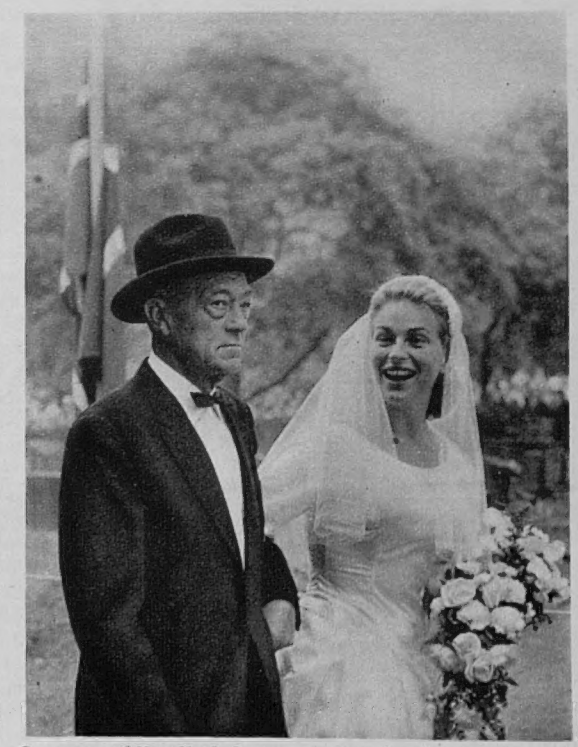
NORWEGIAN VILLAGE WEDDING

Crowds and Flags for Mr. Steven Rockefeller and His Bride

THE BRIDAL GROUP: Mr. Steven Rockefeller, second son of the Governor of New York State, and his bride, Miss Anne-Marie Rasmussen, stand with their attendants after their wedding at Sogne, near Kristiansand, in Norway.

ARRIVING FOR THE MARRIAGE SERVICE: Mr. Rockefeller, wearing white tie and tails, arrives at the village church at Sogne with his mother, Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller.

THE PROCESSION FROM THE VILLAGE CHURCH: Mr. Steven Rockefeller and his bride lead the long procession after the marriage service. They are followed by their attendants and members of their families. Before her marriage the bride had worked as a maid in the Rockefeller home in New York. Her wedding gown of white brocade and duchess satin, embroidered with roses, and with a short train, was made by the village dressmaker. The marriage service was conducted in Norwegian, but the questions to Mr. Rockefeller and his responses were in English. Although rings are not used in Norwegian weddings the bridegroom placed a platinum ring on his bride's finger just before they were proclaimed man and wife. Many journalists and photographers were among the thousands of people who had waited in the rain to watch the wedding. Among the principal guests was Mr. Trygve Lie, the former United Nations Secretary-General. At the reception Mr. Rockefeller and his bride waved to the crowds from the balcony of the building. Later, they flew to New York.



BEFORE AND AFTER THE SERVICE: *Left*—Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, Governor of New York State, accompanies the bride's mother to the church. *Centre*—The bride arrives with her father, Mr. Kristian Rasmussen. *Right*—After the service, the bride and bridegroom stand in their car as they drive from the church in South Norway to the accompaniment of the cheers and greetings of thousands of villagers. Rain which had been falling for some considerable time stopped shortly before the bride arrived for the service.

AIR DISASTER ON A SPANISH MOUNTAINSIDE : Members of the Spanish Civil Guard and other rescue workers stand round the wreckage of the crashed aeroplane. Thirty-two men and women died in the crash; there were no survivors. The aircraft, a Dakmaster, was chartered by the National Union of Students from the British air-charter firm of Transair, and twenty-four members of the Union were on board, most of them returning from holidays in Majorca. The plane took off from Barcelona on Wednesday evening of last week and crashed about 25 miles away in mist about 300 ft. below the summit of the Pico del Hombre, in the Montseny Mountains north of Madrid. An official at a local water station heard the explosion and summoned the Civil Guard. By the time rescue workers arrived at the scene the aircraft had almost burnt out. Wreckage was scattered over a radius of 200 yards. Next day the bodies, some so badly charred that it was probable that they would not be identified, were taken to Barcelona. The wreckage was inspected by an official of Transair, two officials from the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, and an insurance representative. No reason for the crash had, at the beginning of this week, been given. It was reported that the aircraft had been losing height and speed as it approached the peak. It was Transair's first accident since they began operating in 1947.

THE WRECKAGE: Rescue and salvage workers stand in the burnt, shattered remains of the aeroplane. The Dakmaster aircraft is a modified version of the Dakota—the British name for the military version of the twin-engined Douglas DC-3 which first flew in 1935. Since the war, converted Dakotas have been widely used as civil air transports. They became the most successful in the world, a total of 10,926 being built.

No Survivors in Air Crash

Thirty-two People in a Dakmaster Lose Their Lives in Northern Spain

THE TAIL SECTION: This part of the aircraft, untouched by fire, still holds together. Spanish Air Force officers took charge of the wreckage, which was still smouldering the day after the crash. Fourteen of the thirty-two who died were women.

RADICAL NEW BABY SALOONS

B.M.C.'s Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor

A FUNCTIONAL FASCIA: The interior of the new baby B.M.C. cars, the Austin Seven and the Morris Mini-Minor, is designed on simple lines. Costing just under £500, the new cars are two-door saloons seating four people.

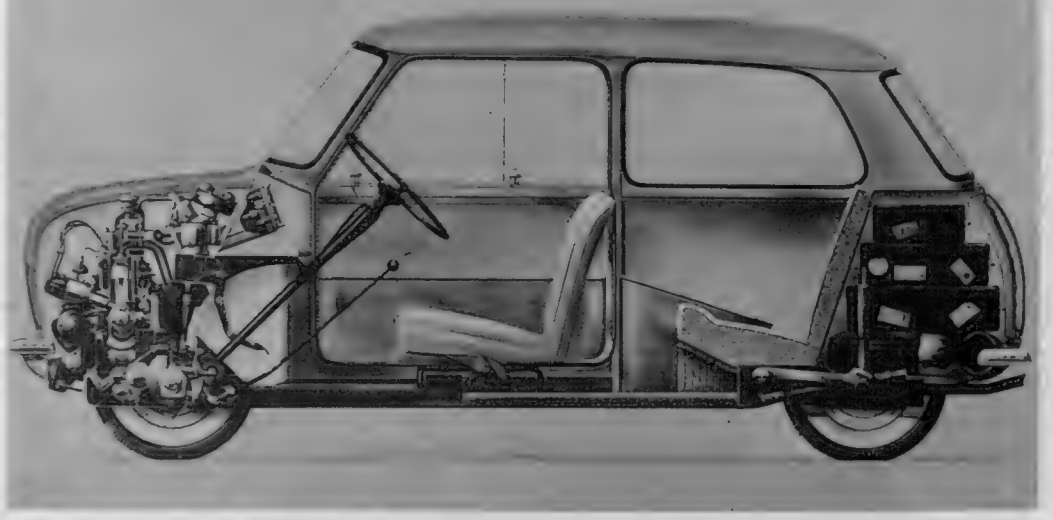
For some time there have been rumours that the British Motor Corporation, in providing new baby saloons, the Austin Seven and the Morris Mini-Minor, had produced a design with radical features. Details released this week show that the new models, designed by Alex Issigonis, were the result of an approach new to British cars. Differing only in front details, the saloons are 10 ft. in length but can accommodate four people. This economy is achieved by installing the 4-cylinder, water-cooled engine of 848 c.c. across the front of the car. The engine, gear-box and the final drive (consisting of two short shafts) are combined into one unit using a common sump. It is claimed that the drive on to the front wheels, besides eliminating a long propeller shaft to the rear wheels, offers more stability.

There is still a tunnel running down through the car, but this serves as a strengthener and to accommodate the exhaust pipe. All four wheels, which are mounted at the corners of the chassis, have independent suspension, using a system employing rubber. Between two metal domes, bonded rubber is placed to absorb the movement of the wheels. Contributing to the low centre of gravity are the small-sized wheels.

Other details of the new models include an engine with overhead valves, which develops 34 b.h.p. at 5,500 r.p.m. The performance figures are given at over 70 m.p.h. as top speed and a low fuel consumption of 50 miles to the gallon at 50 m.p.h.

Although the cars are only 10 ft. long, a large amount of luggage can be carried in the rear compartment. The gear-lever is mounted centrally and there is rack and pinion steering. The basic price is £350 plus £146 19s. 2d. purchase tax. The de luxe version costs just under £537, including purchase tax.

ON TEST: An Austin Seven prototype is seen in front of the Rock of Gibraltar, during a test run from the North of Norway to the South of Spain. Extremely small, the new cars embody several radical features so that they can accommodate four people.



On left—

THE DESIGN: The new B.M.C. baby cars have their water-cooled engines mounted transversely across the chassis, driving the front wheels. Engine, gear-box and final drive are combined into one unit. As a result of this the engine and drive take up only 20 per cent. of the car's length of 10 ft.

THE MORRIS MINI-MINOR: Inside the baby saloon is as much room for the passengers as in the Morris Minor. The new models, which are identical except for front grilles and badges, are capable of 50 m.p.g. at 50 m.p.h.

EASE OF PARKING: Their size and manœuvrability enable the baby cars to be parked in small spaces and to be handy in heavy traffic. The luggage compartment lid folds downwards, so that an extra amount of luggage can be carried on it. The wheels have a rim diameter of 10 ins.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FIFTIETH STATE OF THE UNION: At a ceremony in Washington, President Eisenhower helps unfurl an American flag with fifty stars to the stripes. Mr. Eisenhower had just signed the proclamation making Hawaii the fiftieth member of the United States of America. With him are, left to right, Lieut.-Colonel James S. Cook, Junr.; Mr. Edward Johnston, Secretary of Hawaii, who was deputising for Mr. William F. Quinn, the Governor-elect of the island, and Mr. Daniel K. Inouye, a Congressman-elect for Hawaii. On Monday of this week the two Hawaiian Senators and the one Member of the House of Representatives were to be sworn in.

THE SWEARING-IN OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE NEW STATE: Mr. William F. Quinn, the Governor of the State of Hawaii, takes the oath of office in Honolulu. Administering the oath is Masaji Marumoto, Associate Justice of the Hawaii Supreme Court. Hawaii is the second State to join the Union this year. The other is Alaska.

On right—

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM: A 30,000-ton floating dry-dock tilts over at a seemingly perilous angle as it is towed into a lock at Bremerhaven, in West Germany. However, the tilting was part of the plan to float the dock from the shipyards down to the sea. It is being towed to Greece.

TROUBLE CONTINUES IN SOUTH AFRICA: Native women carrying tall staves gather for a demonstration near St. Faith's Mission, twenty miles from Harding, in Natal. In the past weeks there have been frequent reports of incidents, usually involving native women, in the rural areas of Natal. At times there have been serious riots and bloodshed. Crops have been burnt, school buildings damaged, roads blocked with barricades and agricultural equipment wrecked. Many arrests have been made. The unrest has been attributed to various causes, including discontent at taxation, objection to cattle-dipping regulations, and opposition to police action against illegal liquor stills.

BY BUS FROM LONDON TO MOSCOW: Far from its native surroundings, a red London bus passes the university building in the Soviet capital. On the front of the double-decker the direction board showed "Oxford—London—Berlin—Warsaw—Moscow." Thirty-six Oxford undergraduates—six of them women—had made the journey across Europe in a week's driving. They met with no incidents on the way and had only one minor breakdown which was soon put right. The students and their bus were spending ten days in Moscow.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DEATH OF EPSTEIN: *Above*—**The bust of Judith Margulies by the great sculptor, who died suddenly in London on August 19 at the age of seventy-eight.** *On right*—**The picture is of Sir Jacob Epstein in his studio towards the end of his life. The massive sculpture on the right is "Behold The Man," which has been the cause of much recent controversy. Throughout his career many battles raged around Epstein and his work.** He was born in New York in 1880, of Jewish parentage. He learnt drawing, painting and modelling at evening classes in the American city. In 1902 he studied in Paris and three years later arrived in London. His first important commission was for eighteen figures on the new B.M.A. building. These raised a storm of controversy, as did so much of his later work. But few ever denied his genius.

On left—
A FORMER DICTATOR IN EXILE: Fulgencio Batista (left), the former dictator and ex-President of Cuba, stands with a Press correspondent on the roof of a hotel in Lisbon. He had arrived from New York in a specially chartered aircraft on his way to live in Madeira by permission of the Portuguese Government. Batista was twice President of Cuba—from 1940 to 1944 and from 1952 until January 1 this year, when he fled the country after the Fidelista uprising led by Fidel Castro.

On right—
THE MARRIAGE OF A FAMOUS CONDUCTOR: Sir Thomas Beecham walks across London Airport to be seen off to Edinburgh by Lady Beecham, formerly Miss Shirley Hudson. They were married in Zurich on August 10, but the news was not disclosed until the end of last week.

On right—
AN AVIATION PIONEER: The picture shows the late Mr. Grahame-White in one of his first flying machines and was taken in 1910. His death was announced last week just before his eightieth birthday. For many years an outstanding figure in world aviation, he was born in 1879 and first became impressed with the possibilities of aviation by Blériot's cross-Channel flight in 1909. He went to France, bought an aircraft and learnt to fly. In 1910 he became the first Englishman to receive a pilot's certificate from the French Aero Club. That year he began entering competitions and was soon winning many prizes and breaking records. Early in 1911 he established the London Aerodrome at Hendon and set up the Grahame-White Aviation Co., Ltd., which in September of the same year carried the first English official delivery of mails. On the outbreak of the First World War he was commissioned as flight commander in the R.N.A.S.

A RECONSTRUCTION OF A 1914-1918 FIGHTER: At the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough a "Model T" Ford car is used to start the engine of the Scout Experimental 5A. The veteran aircraft gave a demonstration at Farnborough last Saturday. Found in a hangar at Baginton, Coventry, more than two years ago, the biplane was presented by Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft Limited to the Shuttleworth Trust, the organisation preserving historic aircraft. The detailed reconstruction work was carried out by apprentices of the Establishment as a craft exercise; they were assisted by older members of the staff in their spare time. The engine—a 200 h.p. power-geared V-Hispano—came from the Science Museum store. The first flight was on August 4 when Commodore A. H. Wheeler, chairman of the Trust, piloted the plane.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A FATAL CRASH OF AN AMERICAN JET AIRLINER IN NEW YORK: The wreckage of a Boeing 707 airliner smoulders in a field near Calverton, on Long Island, New York. The five members of the crew were killed when their aircraft, which belonged to American Air Lines, crashed and exploded during a training flight. The accident occurred on August 15. On the following day it was announced that two Boeing 707s, of Pan American Airways, on passenger flights to London had been delayed in New York because of minor electrical troubles. At the same time it was reported that a P.A.A. Boeing 707 bound for Buenos Aires from New York had returned to Idlewild Airport soon after taking off. The reason was said by the pilot to be a failure in the hydraulic system which operates the landing gear. Boeing 707s went into service with a number of American domestic and international airlines in October last year.

NEW YORK'S WORST BLACK-OUT FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS: A large section of Manhattan is in darkness. In the background are New Jersey and the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River, which were unaffected by the most serious power failure in New York since the great hurricane of 1938. The open area blacked out from centre of picture to right is Central Park. The lights seen beside it are the lamps of motor-cars. The black-out last week, which started in the afternoon and lasted for eight hours in some parts of Manhattan and for eleven hours in other parts, was said to have been caused by overloading of power cables which feed Central Park area. Hospitals and underground trains were affected. Lifts in offices were jammed. Only those with battery sets could learn news from radio and television.

On left—
A CYPRIOT LEADER IN LONDON: Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish-Cypriot leader, is seen on arrival at London Airport last week for a short private visit to London. He paid courtesy visits to the Foreign and Colonial Offices in Whitehall, but these were his only official engagements. The fact that one member of the Cyprus "Triumvirate"—the others are Sir Hugh Foot and Archbishop Makarios—could enjoy a holiday was taken to mean that recent intransigence from General Grivas in Greece was not being taken too seriously by those responsible for the future of the island. In an interview at London Airport, Dr. Kutchuk said that his relations with Dr. Makarios were "very good."

CONTINUED TENSION BETWEEN THE U.A.R. AND ISRAEL: Egyptian Government divers on the beach near Alexandria bring up from shallow water, bags of what was alleged to be mostly hashish and opium. According to United Arab Republic sources, the bags contained drugs that had been dropped by an Israeli steamer outside the three-mile limit, brought by motor-boats to a point close in, and put in bags so that smugglers could swim in with it under water. According to this account, the plot was discovered by a group of women who had gone down to the shore to bathe in the early morning to avoid being observed by men. Officially in the U.A.R. blame has been laid on Israel for £7,000,000 of drugs smuggled into Egypt. Israel was accused of "deliberately trying to dope Egyptians in order to soften their resistance." It was an illustration of worsening relations between the countries.

GOING TO MASS ON A HILLTOP: High above the countryside of the North Riding of Yorkshire, a 2,000-strong Roman Catholic procession makes its way along a footpath, through fields to the hilltop. At the head of the procession is the Rev. John Macdonnell, the parish priest of Stokesley (which is about 10 miles south of Middlesbrough). The people were on their way to the ruined Lady Chapel, which stands on the top of a hill 800 ft. high, above Mount Grace Priory, near Osmotherly. Once there, Mass was said by the priest.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

LAOTIAN DELEGATE TO U.N.: Mr. Ngon Sananikone, Laotian Emissary to the United Nations, arrives in Paris. He was on his way to New York where he had a number of conversations with Mr. Hammarskjold.

A DEMONSTRATION IN A FAR EASTERN TROUBLE-SPOT: Soldiers, civil servants, students and other civilians parade through a street in Vientiane, the capital of Laos. The purpose of the demonstration was to demand the end of "North Vietnamese Communist aggression" and punishment for "traitors" within the Laotian borders. In the middle of last week the situation in Laos was still somewhat obscure. A communique issued by the Laotian Government stated that after a lull of a fortnight Communist forces had infiltrated six of the country's twelve regions. In European capitals it was believed Britain and Russia—joint guarantors of Laos under the 1954 Geneva Agreement—would approve the dispatch of United Nations observers.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN MALAYA: Tunku Abdul Rahman, the leader of the Alliance Party, addresses his supporters at a rally near Kuala Lumpur shortly before polling day. The Tunku resigned from the Premiership of Malaya early this year so that he could concentrate on the election campaign. The voting last week in the first election for a Federal House of Representatives in Malaya returned the Alliance Party to power with an overwhelming victory. As a result, Tunku Abdul Rahman was invited to resume the Premiership and carry on with his party's multi-racial anti-Communist policy. First results from the polls showed the Alliance to have seventy-two out of the total of 104 seats in the House of Representatives.

CAMPAIGNING IN ALGERIA: French soldiers pause for a drink and a smoke in the heat of North Africa while engaged in General Challe's offensive against the Algerian Nationalist Forces. President de Gaulle was expected in Algeria on Thursday of this week (August 27) for a short stay, during which it was anticipated he would largely confine himself to visiting troops and military installations. Last week there were few signs of progress towards a settlement in Algeria. French relations with Tunisia and Morocco had deteriorated. Anglo-French relations were also strained. Paris was resenting British Press criticism of France's Algerian and atom-bomb policies.

CATASTROPHES IN THE FAR EAST: Rescue workers and inhabitants paddle through water among the ruins of Miaoli, in central Formosa. *On right*—The village of Nan Tou, in the same region, has been utterly devastated by floods. The pictures indicate the destruction done by torrential rains in central and southern Formosa early this month which led to the worst floods in those areas for sixty years. About 100,000 people were reported to be homeless and the death-roll was put at 500, with over another 500 persons missing. Last week-end Formosa suffered further catastrophe from an earthquake. Nearly 1,000 houses were destroyed in Hungchun and sixteen people were killed. Further north, in Japan, there was heavy loss of life in a typhoon. From the mainland of China there were reports of a widespread, very serious drought.

World Affairs

Britain and Germany—1939 and 1959

By JOHN CONNELL

THE political leaders of the Federal Republic of Western Germany have lately been expressing concern about British opinion of, and feelings towards, their country. With Dr. Adenauer himself the concern has sharpened into disdain, mingled with petulance. At the beginning of last week he let it be known in Bonn that he proposed to ask President Eisenhower to suggest to Mr. Macmillan, as an unofficial condition of his own projected visit to this country, that the Prime Minister should formally dissociate himself from British criticisms of the German Government.

This markedly tactless, yet entirely characteristic, suggestion had its origin, we must suppose, in Dr. Adenauer's stubborn conviction that a great deal of British reporting about German affairs is tendentious and biassed, and that (to use his own phrase) " powerful wire-pullers " are at work striving to undermine Anglo-German relations. All he and his colleagues desire, so he insists, is that we should " at long last bury memories based on the war years."

This is a comprehensible and indeed a respectable aspiration. Old sorrow and old anger are a dissatisfying and a bitter diet. Most of us have long since admitted to ourselves that we have to come—not merely on the diplomatic plane, but in all the day-to-day matters that concern us as ordinary individuals—to terms with the Germans; we have to trade with them, we have to meet them sometimes in our work and in our leisure; we have to live in the same world with them. Relations on such a basis can be correct and courteous; but there is no reason to expect that they should be especially cordial. And why should they be ?

A question like this upsets the Germans. Hypersensitive as they are habitually about their own emotions, they can be callous to the point of rudeness or cruelty about the feelings of others. If we resist their blandishments, if we go stubbornly on disliking them, criticising them or (worst of all) disregarding them, then we must be chided and shown the error of our ways. They have, in their own opinion, a right to be loved; and we must be nagged, bullied or blackmailed into conceding them this right. Set against the background of all that has happened between Britain and Germany, in the course of his own long life, Dr. Adenauer's efforts have a certain sardonic flavour about them; and that his campaign should reach its climax in the second half of August, exactly twenty years after the outbreak of the Second World War, is an example of the ponderous German capacity for making the wrong gesture in the wrong way at the wrong time.

The urgent need for the immediate establishment of cordial Anglo-German relations, on Germany's terms, is a fundamental theme with which, in all its variations, we are nowadays not unfamiliar. It was at about noon on August 25, 1939, that Herr Hitler (whose preparations for the annihilation of Poland were by that time so far advanced that he could not have stopped them if he had wanted to) made what two authoritative German diplomatic historians have recently described as " a far-reaching political offer " to the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson.

It was, as may be recalled, an offer to guarantee the British Empire and to make Germany's resources available for its defence, in return for a free hand in Poland. When the Chamberlain Government's tepid and cautious reply to this infamous proposal was handed over by Henderson on the evening of August 28, an official of the Dienststelle Ribbentrop—the special secretariat which Ribbentrop maintained as foreign affairs adviser to Hitler—had on his desk a confidential report from a correspondent in London, who wrote as follows:

" Considering the obligations which they have undertaken, the British feel that they cannot avoid declaring war in the event of an attack on Poland, but they still manage to believe that it will be conducted on such a moderate scale that there would be no question of a life and death struggle between the Great Powers. It may be thought that this is merely wishful thinking which would soon vanish in the course of hostilities. At all events, the ' qualitatively limited war ' is at present engaging the minds of quite a number of knowledgeable people and the idea seems to have a certain attraction for various Ministers. Even such a convinced supporter of Munich as Sir Samuel Hoare is reported to have made the following statement immediately before the Cabinet meeting: ' Although we cannot in the circumstances avoid declaring war, we can always fulfil the letter of a declaration of war without immediately going all out.' "

" If it comes to war, the seat of the British Government will be transferred mainly to Oxford. The supply Ministries are to be transferred to Lancashire. I mention this because I recently heard in a neutral country the ridiculous report that the Government would go to Canada and leave the British Isles to the German bombers—right up to Scotland, if not farther."

The report of one of Ribbentrop's agents must be regarded with a considerable degree of reserve. The Federal Republic is not the Third Reich. Yet is it uncharitable to detect across twenty years the same note in German official communications, the changeless mixture of ignorance and arrogance, of sly knowingness and over-eager self-assurance ?

Germany has changed out of all recognition on the surface; but there are certain deep-rooted qualities which have not altered and cannot be expected to alter in the slightest. It is against manifestations of these qualities that the British react so strongly that Dr. Adenauer is irritated. We do not cherish specially vindictive recollections. The problem—and to the Germans it really is a problem—of Anglo-German relations is not so simple or so easily soluble, as President Heuss's visit to this country earlier this year demonstrated with remarkable clarity. The Royal and official courtesies which were extended to this entirely admirable old gentleman were not enough for the Germans; they wanted a popular demonstration of affection. When this was not accorded, they were outraged and suspected malign influences to be at work.

The explanation was less sensational and more subtle. The Germans have many historical theories but little or no sense of history. We have no great understanding of or liking for historical theories, but our everyday life, to an extent that exasperates progressive thinkers in our midst, is steeped in an unselfconscious sense of history. Our past and our present are blended in our national *ethos*, and in our lives as individuals, to an extent that others, according to their mood, find cute and quaint beyond words, incomprehensible or distasteful and silly. The Germans are, by force of circumstances, extremely selective about what they remember; out of their general, purposeful oblivion they can on appropriate occasions, emerge into rosily sentimental reminiscence—for the elderly the pious and sober simplicities of domestic life at the turn of the century, alongside the opulent splendours of the Kaiser's court; for the middle-aged the arduous but agreeable comradeship of the Afrika Korps and the robust soldierliness of Erwin Rommel. But mostly Germans, in all sections of society, forget because they must.

We in our muddle-headed British fashion practise, and enjoy practising, what the psychologists, I believe, describe as " total recall." Our memories may be diffuse and a bit distorted; but there is in us no spiritual cut-off, operated by powerful motives of guilt or shame or horror. Our past for us—the bombs in the Blitz, little old Hitler, poor Mr. Chamberlain, our finest hour, rationing, young Peter looking so clumsy in his first battledress, that silly Haw-Haw, and goodness remember when they evacuated all the kids and those country people said they were dirty, and then the doodle-bugs and the GI brides and Winnie with his V-sign—is to us a bottomless source of gossip and anecdotes. We have heard the chimes of midnight, eh, Master Shallow, but we have also heard—have we not, Captain Shallow ?—the bombers droning overhead in the winter dark, and that long banshee wail which the barmaid always called " the sireen."

It is unfortunate for the Germans that their part in this vast accumulation of British folk-lore is as inglorious as it is essential. The very nicknames which the British, in their welter of John Aubreyesque gossip, are apt to apply to their former enemies are painfully revealing. Even the terrible word, " Hun," loses its ferocity and becomes cosy and a little absurd; " old Jerry " is much more usual, and in its extraordinary mingling of derision and playful pity is deeply wounding to German pride. It is mortifying to a whole nation to realise that strive as it may in war, diplomacy, trade, invention and enterprise, it can never be taken—in its best moments or its worst moments—quite seriously.

If only we hated the Germans, that would satisfy their vanity. The Germans twice within less than half a century were the cause of much suffering, loss and grief for the British people; hatred would be a correct and comprehensible emotion, according to protocol. But that they should be transmuted into perpetual minor characters in a vast, rambling, often indecorous music-hall sketch—" There was old Jerry, see, and me with my Bren gun, looking a proper Charlie . . ."—is very hard to bear. The Germans have become, like the weather, seaside lodgings, kippers and mothers-in-law, part of the common, comic legend by which, mysteriously, the British sustain themselves. Not fiends but funny props—they can hardly be blamed if they are resentful; but had they been a little wiser or a little better-informed, in 1939 as in 1914, they might have avoided this dreadful fate.

AN UNEXPLODED GERMAN BOMB OUTSIDE THE TATE GALLERY: Sandbags are stacked as a precautionary measure against a window of the famous Gallery in London. It was believed last week that an unexploded bomb might lie deep below ground nearby. *On left*—Major A. B. Hartley, R.E., discusses digging operations with Corporal L. Townley outside the Gallery. In his article on this page John Connell contrasts British and German attitudes towards remembering the war.

THE HOSPITAL VILLAGE IN FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA: The huts are used to house families of native patients in Dr. Albert Schweitzer's world-famous hospital in Lambarene, a few miles south of the Equator. Those coming for treatment at the clinic are often accompanied by numerous relatives. The hospital was founded as a Christian mission by Dr. Schweitzer forty-six years ago.

SCHWEITZER AT LAMBARENE

Pictures of the Work and Surroundings of an Outstanding Figure of Our Age

It was probably not until after the Second World War that the name of Albert Schweitzer became world famous. In the past fourteen years among the honours deservedly bestowed upon him have been the Nobel Prize for Peace (1952) and Honorary Membership of the British Order of Merit (1955).

Schweitzer is eighty-four—it is difficult to realise the age of this unique and outstanding character—and he has been at Lambarene since 1913. The story of how he gave up a brilliant career as a theologian and a musician to follow a Christian vocation as a medical missionary among the natives of Equatorial Africa needs no repetition. But his contributions to theological thought should not be forgotten. For instance, his *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, published in 1906, produced a storm of controversy. To-day it is generally accepted as setting out a proper approach to bible study. As regards music, his books on J. S. Bach are accepted as classics and on his occasional visits to Europe he has usually given organ recitals to raise funds for his mission. Among the Doctor's many accomplishments is a thorough practical knowledge of organ construction. He has been known to be very particular about his choice of instruments on which to play. Schweitzer also has his own ideas about literary style. There is a story that he once gave permission for a radio programme about him, on the condition that there were no superlatives written into the script.

It is on the mission settlement at Lambarene that his whole life is centred. Schweitzer is international in outlook. His assistants and helpers come from countries from all over the world. One of them is a Japanese doctor, who is devoting the rest of his life to treatment of lepers. Christianity is the motivating force at the settlement. Without appreciating this it is impossible to understand Schweitzer.

He has written numerous volumes about his settlement and his ideas for it. Visitors, who are nowadays numerous, have also described it. People sometimes express surprise that in some respects Lambarene is still primitive. The huts in the hospital village, for example, are native dwellings. There is anthropological sense in this. Schweitzer has always wanted to encourage the local inhabitants to come to him and often whole families will accompany a prospective patient. Antisepsis and modern methods are of course the rule in the hospital and clinic. But in the village the natives find themselves in familiar surroundings. They are at home and do not feel frightened. Whatever may be said about his methods, Albert Schweitzer, through his own devoted exertions, must certainly have a better understanding of the African people than almost anybody else to-day.

"ON THE EDGE OF THE PRIMEVAL FOREST": Palm trees line the bank of the river where the hospital is situated at Lambarene. Patients come enormous distances for treat
Dr. Schweitzer has described how he found his vocation in this remote and wild area of Africa in one of his best-known books *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest* (pub
in 1922). He has written further about his life and work at Lambarene in *More From the Primeval Forest* (published in 1931) and in *From my African Notebook* (

AN EIGHTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD FIGURE OF WORLD RENOWN: Albert Schweitzer, who was born in Alsace in 1875, talks with visitors to the Lambarene hospital village. He himself makes a tour of the huts in the village every day.

TREATMENT FOR LEPROSY: Dr. Isao Takahashi, a Japanese on Dr. Schweitzer's staff, treats patients afflicted by the disease, which is still a scourge in Central Africa. *On left*—In this group are Dr. Takahashi, some staff and patients.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE: Clad in disreputable and ragged clothes, this bearded man is a Paris clochard, who disdains work, sleeping in a bed or begging.

HIS HIDING-PLACE DISCOVERED: Two policemen discover a youth snug in a hole under a stairway of a bridge over the Seine. Although he had every appearance of being a clochard, he possessed papers showing that he worked daily in a factory workshop and was the legal possessor of a motor-bicycle. With no family and no house, he preferred to sleep in the open in good weather. Since he had more than 6s. on him, the Parisian police had no power to detain him.

CLOCHARDS OF PARIS

Police Measures Against Down and Outs, who Prefer the Open Air and a Bohemian Life to Working or Begging

A clochard, a word derived from the Parisian argot *sous la cloche* (under the sky), is a man or woman who hates regular work and sleeping under a roof or in a bed. In Paris there are about 3,000 such people, a familiar sight in their filthy and ragged clothing, asleep under bridges, in ruined buildings or simply on the pavement during the night, and wandering through the streets by day, usually clutching a bottle of vin ordinaire. They eat little crusts of bread or meals obtained from friendly café owners and do no more than is necessary. Many of them are alcoholics, but they rarely steal and are mostly too proud to beg. A number have ex-service or invalids' pensions and some are comparatively well off; if necessary they may do casual labouring jobs. One in twenty is a woman. The average age is forty-five, but some are much younger.

In May the clochard was threatened by suppression. A new law, presented in the name of the right-wing Independents' Party by M. Frédéric-Dupont, a Paris Deputy, would have made it a criminal offence for a man to live habitually on the public way, even if he had money or occasionally worked. M. Frédéric-Dupont claimed that the spectacle of clochards was disastrous for the reputation of Paris and demoralising for youth. But except for their unsightliness and their possible lack of hygiene, they can hardly spread much disease, living so much in the open air. Despising society, they want only to be left alone.

Late in June, the Legislative and Administrative Committee of the National Assembly rejected the bill to put an end to the clochards. For them, life has continued as usual. And the police have continued their labours, which, in their lack of conclusiveness, resemble those of Sisyphus.

The clochards are rounded up continuously and taken, about sixty a day, to the official hostel at Nanterre, where they are fed and subjected to a shower, their clothing deloused and their identity checked. Each goes through this on average twice a year, but if a clochard has any money, he cannot be held for longer than 24 hours. Even when charged, the clochard is given a light sentence—a week or two. One hardened clochard, despite the police appeals to reform, has visited Nanterre thirty-five times. They do not qualify as tramps or beggars and cannot be charged with sleeping or loitering in the streets unless it can be shown that they possess neither domicile nor profession and lack means of subsistence. The last is rarely met, since many clochards are relatively well off, and nearly all have some money. Many Parisians would be sorry to see them disappear.

ROUNDED UP: At seven in the morning a policeman discovers a man hidden amid the rubbish in the back of a parked lorry.

A RAG-AND-BONE MAN: Such traders must be off the Paris streets by 9 a.m. After that they are arrested and treated as clochards.

A HOME IN THE RUINS: In the corner of one of the rooms of a ruined house in Paris, policemen greet a clochard, who is a familiar figure to them. It was the fifth time since the beginning of the year that he had been detained.

IN PARIS BY NIGHT: In winter a favourite sleeping-place for the down and out is over a grille through which blows warm air from the Métro. *Left*—Clochards are taken to Nanterre, where they are washed and fed, have their identities checked, and if necessary are detained for a night.

Housing Estates

New Developments in Paris and Tokyo Suburbs

Above—**A NEW ESTATE IN NORTH-EASTERN PARIS: The unusual block of flats, constructed in snake-like coils, is at Bobigny, a suburb on the outskirts of the French capital.** More than 600 yards in length, the building, which is six storeys high, is said to be the longest in France. In all there are 450 apartments accommodating 1,500 tenants. The large area behind the flats is being laid out as gardens and playing fields for children. There is also ample room for the car parks which are to be built. The estate at Bobigny is a large one and contains other buildings of unusual and modern styles.

Below—**DWELLINGS IN JAPAN: The two-storey and four-storey blocks at Tanashihoya Kurume, on the outskirts of Tokyo, accommodate approximately 2,700 families.** Among the civic amenities which the new town provides are a town hall and a public hall; schools, including a kindergarten; food markets; and a post office. Tokyo, which, with over 9,000,000 citizens, recently claimed to be the most populous city in the world, has a housing problem common all over Japan. Since the war 5,000,000 houses have been built in Japan, but about 2,500,000 are still urgently required.

PACIFIC JOURNEY

Princess Alexandra Calls at Honolulu During Her Journey to Australia

THE START OF THE SIX-WEEK ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA: The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, stands with Princess Alexandra of Kent after welcoming her at Canberra.

In Australia, Princess Alexandra of Kent is representing the Queen at Queensland's Centenary Celebrations. She arrived in Brisbane, the State capital, last week, after spending a few days in Canberra. Before that, on the journey by air from Britain, she had stayed for a short time on the west coast of Canada, and made calls at Hawaii and Fiji. In Canberra, she attended a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Menzies at which the guests included 200 young people. They had been chosen by ballot from more than 600 people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five who had submitted their names. Her other engagements included a visit to the Australian War Memorial, a rally of schoolchildren and a State Ball at Parliament House. Later, in Brisbane, where she received another enthusiastic welcome, the Princess's first engagements were the State reception and the opening of the Brisbane Royal National Show. She also attended the biggest gathering of young women of her own age group ever assembled in the State.

IN BRISBANE: The Princess is holding one of six Koala bears on show during a State reception attended by 1,500 guests in the Queensland capital. Princess Alexandra had delayed her departure from the reception to look at the animals.

A SHORT STAY IN HAWAII: *Left*—Princess Alexandra dines at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel during her stay in Honolulu. To her right is Mr. James A. Macleod, the United Kingdom Acting Consul in Honolulu. *Right*—On arrival at the airport, after flying from Vancouver on Canada's west coast, the Princess is met by the Acting Governor, Mr. Edward Johnston. From Honolulu Princess Alexandra flew on to Fiji for another short visit. In Fiji her aircraft, a Heron of Fijian Airways, landed with a flat tyre.

A MOTHER GUEREZA MONKEY AND HER BABY: A distinctive animal of the family of Coloboids or leaf-eating monkeys, the Guereza comes from Africa. Recently a Guereza was born in the Frankfurt-on-Main Zoo, a rare occurrence, since the species is difficult to keep in captivity. The baby is pure white until it grows larger, when it acquires the long, flowing veils of white hair over the thickly-furred black body. There are many species of the Guerezas. A pair of the abyssinicus type can be seen in London.

GUEREZA MOTHER AND CHILD

A Rare Type of Leaf-eating Monkey in Frankfurt Zoo

The Guerezas vary in size up to as much as 40 ins. in head and body length, with tails up to 60 ins. long. Since they are sturdy and thickly-furred, they look enormous. Even with their long, trailing capes of white hair, and their peculiarity of lacking thumbs, they are extraordinarily agile and swift, capable of tremendous leaps in the treetops. The name Colobus was given to the first Guereza described—rather charmingly called "Pennant's Full-Bottom Monkey"—apparently on account of a believed mutilation of its hands: but, in fact, it is a natural development. The thumbs are either reduced to tiny knobs or absent.

The family are predominantly leaf-eating and spend most of their time in the tops of trees, rarely descending to the ground. Apparently aloof by nature, Guerezas have the habit of regarding man with a long, steady stare. In parts of West Africa their custom of ascending to the tops of tallest trees at dawn and sunset to sit facing the sun is regarded by the natives as indulging in prayer. In many parts of Africa the Coloboids are thought to be sacred. Although the species and sub-species vary a great deal, perhaps the most notable examples are large black-and-white Guerezas. Jet black with vivid, white and bushy tails, they have long capes of white hair which trail on the ground.

At one time an extensive trade in their furs was carried on. Mantles with shoulder capes of Guereza skins, when first brought to Venice and Genoa after Marco Polo's travels, were taken apart by furriers in the hope of discovering how the Oriental craftsmen put the long white hairs into the obviously natural black skins. In the mid-nineteenth century the skins became very popular in Europe and America. In 1892 no fewer than 175,000 Guereza skins reached the European market alone. But after that year the business petered out and the monkeys are now afforded legal protection and considerable security.

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A TWO-LEVEL ROAD IN LONDON

The Chiswick Flyover Nears Completion; a Coffee Bar in Coventry; Contemporary Styling for an Italian Church

For a great many years, traffic congestion in the west of the Metropolitan area of London has been a very serious problem. The major exit and ingress road to and from the west is the Great West Road. At Chiswick, where this road meets the Cromwell Road extension, traffic reaches a peak of about 40,000 vehicles a day. For long it has been a notorious bottleneck. To obviate this bottleneck, work was begun on the Chiswick Flyover at the beginning of February 1957. It is now almost complete, the surfacing of the road being one of the few remaining tasks, and it is expected that the Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, will perform the opening ceremony in the last week of September.

The scheme, incorporating a flyover almost half a mile long and a roundabout 400 ft. in diameter, is the first major two-level highway project to be undertaken in the Metropolitan area since the Second World War and is believed to be one of the first of its kind in the country. The flyover itself serves as the connecting link between the Great West Road and the Cromwell Road extension, so that traffic travelling east or west, into or out of the city, will proceed without interruption from cross traffic. Below, the new roundabout serves traffic using the North Circular Road and the South Circular Road as well as vehicles using the slip roads to leave the Great West Road or the Cromwell Road extension.

The flyover is carried over the roundabout by four spans, each of them 125 ft. wide. At the sides there are parapets with a width between them of 59 ft.; this provides for two lanes of traffic in each direction separated by an island. At the Cromwell Road extension side there is a further bridge carrying the road over Wellesley Road. This is 124 ft. wide between parapets. From the bridge, slip roads take traffic in each direction. Where they join the roundabout, the carriageway has a width of 40 ft.

The Chiswick Flyover, built at a cost of £820,000, is only a small part of a far-reaching scheme of road modernisation. The next step is to link it with the Maidenhead By-pass, which is now under construction, and later with the Slough By-pass, which is scheduled to be constructed in the near future. Eventually it will form a link in the London-South Wales Motorway which has been given priority by the Ministry of Transport. Whether this priority means that it will be built before the Lancashire and Yorkshire spurs to the Birmingham Motorway has not yet been decided. Among those who will immediately feel the benefits of the Chiswick Flyover will be travellers from London to London Airport and vice-versa. It has been estimated that airport coaches will save as much as twenty minutes on the journey.

THE REBUILDING OF COVENTRY: The mushroom-shaped structure is a coffee bar in the new shopping centre of Coventry. Unusually styled, its circular glass walls built round a central tower, the coffee bar is surrounded by new buildings and sites where construction work is proceeding. The Precinct, the name given to Coventry's new shopping centre, contains many novel architectural features—among them buildings with shops on terraces at first-floor level, and a circular retail market which has a car-park on the roof. The Precinct is part of a huge reconstruction programme necessitated by the extensive damage which the city received from savage German bombing during the war.

AN ITALIAN CHURCH IN THE MODERN STYLE: The Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Vitinia is a few miles south-west of Rome. The curving staircases in front lead up to the entrance to the main body of the church, raised above ground-level. The door underneath gives access to a small chapel and the priests' quarters. On the right, detached from the main building, is the bell tower.

AERIAL VIEWS OF THE CHISWICK FLYOVER: In front of the construction, to the left, is the Hammersmith Road, and in the centre foreground the North Circular Road. To the right is the Great West Road side of the flyover, and in the background the River Thames. *Right*—Looking from the other side, from the south, the North Circular Road is in the centre background, and the Cromwell Road extension side of the structure in the right foreground. The flyover is due to be opened in the last week of September.

On left—

AN UNUSUAL AND SIMPLE DESIGN: The bell tower is octagonal and is surmounted by eight tall, semi-elliptical arches. The design of the Church of Vitinia is the work of an Italian architect, Ildo Avetta. The church was presented to the late Pope Pius XII by the Presidency of the Italian Catholic Action. Inside, the church has a series of high vaulted arches and the simplicity and freedom from lavish ornamentation is in marked contrast to Rome's many famous churches of the Renaissance period. In the centre of the interior is a ring of sculptures representing scenes from the life of Christ; these are in the marked modern idiom of the entire design.

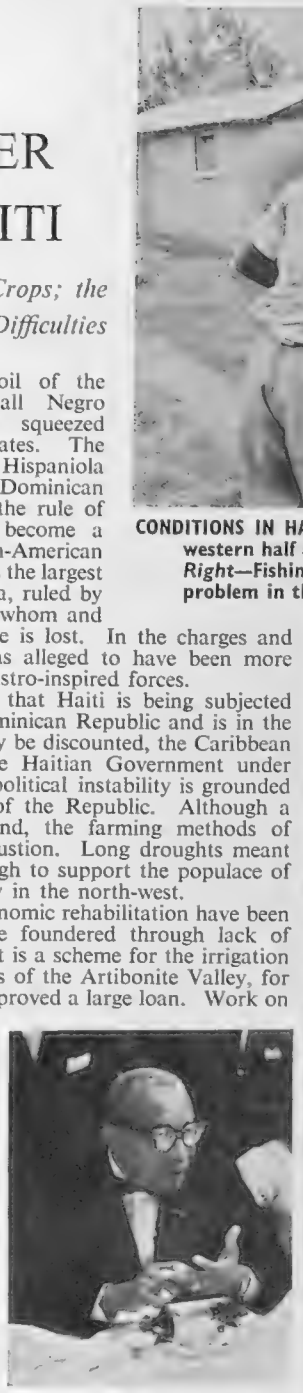
HUNGER ON HAITI

Droughts Ruin the Crops; the Republic's Economic Difficulties

In the political turmoil of the Caribbean, the small Negro Republic of Haiti is squeezed between two hostile states. The other half of the island of Hispaniola is occupied by the Dominican Republic, which, under the rule of President Trujillo, has become a refuge of various Latin-American dictators. To the west lies the largest island of the group, Cuba, ruled by Premier Castro, between whom and President Trujillo no love is lost. In the charges and counter-charges Haiti was alleged to have been more than once invaded by Castro-inspired forces.

Although accusations that Haiti is being subjected to pressure from the Dominican Republic and is in the need of " liberation " may be discounted, the Caribbean crisis has not helped the Haitian Government under President Duvalier. Its political instability is grounded in the economic plight of the Republic. Although a naturally productive island, the farming methods of peasants led to soil exhaustion. Long droughts meant that crops were not enough to support the populace of some regions, particularly in the north-west.

Many schemes for economic rehabilitation have been proposed, but most have foundered through lack of money. The main project is a scheme for the irrigation of more than 70,000 acres of the Artibonite Valley, for which the World Bank approved a large loan. Work on the main barrage at Peligne has been bedevilled by the economic situation and the political unrest. Since President Duvalier came to power in 1957, few disturbances have been reported. Before that, in the six months following President Magloir's resignation at the end of 1956, there were three provisional presidents and widespread rioting which threatened to break into civil war, and which only died down when the Haitian Army took control, and a military Government was established for a period.



PRESIDENT DUVALIER: He became President of the Republic in September 1957, following a long period of political disturbances.

Economic aid to Haiti from the United States has varied from year to year. In general, the United States, however, has followed, wherever possible, a policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the Latin-American states. During the recent meeting in Santiago, at which Haiti was represented along with its neighbours, non-intervention, even at the cost of maintaining existing dictatorship, was approved nearly unanimously. For Haiti, freedom from the turmoils of the Caribbean is vitally important if the Republic is to solve its desperate economic plight and find some way of guarding against the perennial droughts and consequent lack of food.

CONDITIONS IN HAITI: In the northern part of the Republic occupying the western half of the island of Hispaniola, Haitians cluster round a tourist. *Right*—Fishing boats are tied up to a quay in Port-au-Prince. One problem in the Republic is lack of means to counter annual droughts.

A POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION: Haitians line the sides of a village street to cheer a presidential representative. The chief problem of the Republic is economic; lack of rain leads to starvation conditions for many peasants, who depend for their food on what they can produce. A certain amount of aid is given by the United States and relief organisations.

On left—
THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE: In front of the imposing building in Port-au-Prince, foreign cars move nose to tail. The least prosperous part of the Republic is the north-west, but reports say the Government has the situation under control.

TUMBLEDOWN DWELLINGS: In a slum district of Port-au-Prince, inhabitants live in small huts. *Right*—Many of the huts are made chiefly out of wood and corrugated iron. The population of the capital is about 200,000.

On "The Air Ministry Roof"

The Weather Forecasting is now Carried Out on Top of Princes House, in London

UP AMONG THE CHIMNEY-POTS: On the new "Air Ministry Roof" at Princes House, Kingsway, London, a scientific assistant checks a sunshine recorder. The many chimneys do not affect any of the instruments as they have not been in operation for some considerable time.

FORECASTING THE WEATHER: The sun recorder shows, as the sun moves round through the day, the amount of sunshine by means of a burn appearing on a piece of paper which is changed daily. The instruments recording the variations in the weather are now situated 120 ft. up on the roof of Princes House, not far away from their previous home, Kingsway House, where the work was carried out for the past twenty-one years. From August 31, the Air Ministry Meteorological Office will open a "weather shop" where the public may call in person at Princes House to ask for information about the weather direct from the forecasters. Among the chimney-pots, which have not been used for some time, since the building is centrally heated, are various instruments, including those for long-range forecasting, and for fog and dust detection and measurement.

CHECKING THE INSTRUMENTS: A scientific assistant, Brenda Eisen, of St. Mary Cray, aged 22, records information taken from the thermometer screen. *Right*—She checks a rain gauge. In the background is a radar scanner which gives cloud and rain information. Other instruments which are placed on the roof record radiation and daylight illumination.

"BATTLE" ON PISA'S BRIDGE

A Contest of Long Tradition in the North Italian City

Many Italian cities have annual pageants or ceremonial festivities deep-rooted in tradition. Next year during the Olympic Games in Rome a selection of them is to be shown to the crowds who are expected to flock into the capital of Italy. The programme of this folklore festival will include a reproduction of the *Gioco del Ponte*, or Game on the Bridge, of Pisa. As it is not possible, of course, to transport the bridge across the Arno to the Circo Massimo in Rome. Instead, the Game will be fought out on a wooden platform representing the bridge. Apart from the actual setting, the contestants will follow all the usual conventions. Recently a rehearsal was held in Pisa with the wooden platform on the bridge. Representatives of the National Italian Olympic Committee were present.

The origins of the Game on the Bridge are obscure. Some claim it started in the reign of Hadrian. At first it was staged in a square. In the sixteenth century it was transferred to a bridge. The Game takes the form of a sham fight between "warriors" in two teams, one from each bank of the Arno. Each team has a base or tent at an end of the bridge and is attended by numerous supporters, dressed like the warriors themselves in period costume.

At a given signal the warriors advance on to the bridge with much ceremonial. A bell is rung and the fight begins. The object is for one side to push the other back from the centre of the bridge. The Olympic rehearsal varied from custom by using a wooden platform. Across it poles had been stretched and against these the warriors pushed with might and main until one side was forced to give ground. As usual, defeat was signified by the standard of the losers being lowered. As is also usual, no applause was allowed during the battle itself. Whether this rule will be enforced at Rome next year is not known.

Other folklore events which will be seen in Rome during the Olympic Games are the Florentine Football Game; the Archery Contest from Gubbio; the Joust Contest from Foligno, and the "Live" Chess Game from Marostica.

PREPARING FOR THE "BATTLE" IN PISA: Citizens of Pisa make ready for the *Gioco del Ponte*, or Game on the Bridge, an annual custom of many centuries' tradition. Two sides clash on a bridge and the winners are those who push back their opponents. The Game will be demonstrated next year as part of the folklore festivities at the Olympic Games in Rome. The pictures were taken recently during a rehearsal for the Game staged under special conditions, before the Italian Olympic Committee.

THE BATTLEFIELD: In the Game staged for the Italian Olympic Committee the contestants pushed against each other on poles stretched across a wooden platform. The Game will be played on such a platform at the Olympic Games.

THE FIGHT IS JOINED: Twenty-four men on each side shove with all their strength against the [illegible]. Rival standards fly at each end of the platform. The lowering of the losers' standard will [illegible] the end of the battle, during which, by convention, there is no applause from spectators.

PARADE OF WARRIORS: Members of the "Mezzogiorno" (Noon) team march before the supporters of their rivals, the "Tramonto" (Sunset) team. Pisa's sham fight, said to have started during the Roman Empire, was originally held in a square and transferred to a bridge in the sixteenth century.

ADVANCE TO THE CONTEST: A standard-bearer goes ahead of his team towards the bridge. *On left*—The beating of drums proclaims the advance of the warriors. In the Middle Ages the fighting was often so fierce that many participants fell into the river. Some are said to have been drowned.

VICTORY AND DEFEAT: The Sunset team, at the far end of the platform, have won. At the near end the standard of the defeated Noon warriors has been lowered. It is only now that onlookers may begin to cheer and applaud.

THE VICTORS RETURN TO THEIR BASE: The Sunset men run off the bridge towards their tent which is surrounded by supporters. For this particular Game on the Bridge some 700 Pisans were dressed in various costumes of the sixteenth century, and there were large crowds of spectators.

THE WISDOM OF RATS

Living in a Hostile World, the Brown Rat Continues to Hold its Own by its Fecundity and Intelligence

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WE have always had rats in the garden. The old country hedges, which enclose our garden, are full of their holes and runs. The rats have, indeed, been here much longer than we have. We are the interlopers. I have always been conscious of this, and so have done nothing about them. I am a firm believer in the principle of "live and let live" anyway. In any case, they have never done me any harm. They have lived their lives and I have lived mine, and our paths have rarely crossed. Every now and again, but very infrequently, I have seen one scuttling along a hedgerow, and once or twice I have surprised one, have caught a momentary glimpse of one, on one of my compost heaps: no more than that. I have, over the years, seen plenty of dead ones.

My last cat, a character by the name of Quinney who achieved during his lifetime a considerable local fame, was a notable hunter, and dead rats, young ones and full-grown ones, were a commonplace. By the way, Quinney always ate a small portion of the shoulder of his kills. I have often read in books about cats the statement that cats will kill, but will not eat, rats. So wildly inaccurate a statement can only spring from love: the refusal to believe that so beautiful and purry a creature as the domestic cat could bring itself to eat so filthy a creature as the rat. I have been owned by many cats, all beautiful and all purry, and everyone has eaten a portion of the shoulder, if not more than that, of the rats they have killed. In any case, rats—at least, country rats: my experience of town rats is limited—are not filthy creatures.

My terrier, a member of a famous ratting breed, was unfortunately too well-bred to kill rats. But he used to go and snuff down their holes every now and again; the stirrings of some dimly remembered instinct, I suppose. I am sure that the cats did something to keep the rat numbers down a bit. I am equally sure that none of my dogs (all terriers, incidentally) ever did anything in that way, but undoubtedly the two together, cats and dogs, did keep them away from the house and did restrict their activities very largely to the hours of darkness, which is why our paths rarely crossed.

The rats in my garden are brown rats. The black rat (sometimes called the "Old English rat," a name which rather suggests that it is the native rat of Britain: in fact, though it was here some hundreds of years before the brown rat, it was also accidentally introduced), famed as the carrier of bubonic plague, is pre-eminently the ship rat. On shore it is a town rat, pure and simple, and seems to be unable to live away from buildings. Probably that was not always the case (it is difficult to be sure, for there is very little about the rat in English medieval literature: and there are only eight mentions of it in the whole of Shakespeare's works, which suggests that even at that comparatively late date it was not really common in England), but it has certainly been the case since the arrival of the brown rat, which seems to have been sometime in the eighteenth century. Since the arrival of the brown rat, the black rat has given up, has been forced to give up, living in cellars and is now more or less a roof rat. Its numbers have declined so greatly that it is now confined to a few of our larger ports.

The brown rat has proved a formidable customer—and not merely to the black rat. It is a larger and considerably more powerful animal, and it very soon brought about the virtual extinction of its smaller competitor. But it has also proved itself to be a most serious competitor to Man himself. It has been estimated that the total cost to the country from the ravages of the brown rat amounts to £100,000,000 annually. I do not know how accurate that figure is. I do not suppose that, in fact, anyone can do more than guess at the cost, for it is not simply a matter of raids on food stores. They obviously do a good deal of damage to property, gnawing through floorboards and so forth—they have even been known to weaken the foundations of buildings—and they are carriers of a number of unpleasant diseases, of which foot-and-mouth disease may be one. If that is so, that alone would be expensive enough; it is not surprising that no one has a good word to say for the rat. It has been said (and often enough) that the brown rat is an animal without a single redeeming feature. Maybe, from man's point of view that is true.

THE EXTERMINATION OF RATS: *Left*—A Kent pest officer puts down poison bait in a series of runs on the side of a factory river-bank. *Right*—A pest officer uses a portable gas exterminator to pump poison gas into a hole. It has been estimated that brown rats may do £100,000,000 worth of damage a year in Great Britain.

In any case, it must be a pretty harsh thing to be born a brown rat. Every one of them is born into a hostile world, a world full of enemies: foxes, stoats, weasels, cats, owls, hawks, dogs—and Man (by far the most deadly enemy). Alone of all of them, he does not regard the rat as prey. Recognising the rat for what it is—a most dangerous competitor—he wages deliberate and ruthless war upon it; not only with such antiquated methods as the trap and the ferret, but also with all the weight of modern science, with poisons and with gases. Yes, it must be a pretty harsh thing to be born a brown rat.

But, on the whole, they do not do too badly. It can be said that it holds its own very well in the war with the Lords of Creation. When you remember that it has only its intelligence and a certain natural fecundity to pit against the lethal inventions of modern science, this is, you must admit, a very considerable achievement.

The brown rat is astonishingly prolific. The females begin to breed when they are between ten and twelve weeks old: they breed all the year round, roughly every six weeks, and the normal litter is between eight and fourteen. It has been calculated that, if all the young ones were to survive, a single pair of rats would be capable of producing no fewer than 253,762 descendants in a single year. This number might become 10,934,690 in two years: 11,000,000 rats (near enough) from one pair of parents in two years is goodish going. (These figures are taken from a book entitled *Rats and How to Destroy Them*, by Mark Hovell: a wonderfully optimistic title, I have always thought.) Figures like these are hypothetical: but they are useful in that they do give some idea of what the rat is capable of. It is almost certainly true that there are more brown rats in Britain than there are people.

But fecundity alone would not be sufficient. After all, there are a good many insects which can put the rat to shame in this respect, and Man, with his poison sprays, has learnt well enough how to deal with them. No, intelligence is the rat's chief weapon in the war with Man. The rat is an extremely resourceful and agile animal: one of the most successful, perhaps the most successful, of all animals. Though you will find little in literature in praise of rats, you will find many a mention of their intelligence. Everyone who has ever had anything to do with them is soon forced to acknowledge that they are exceptionally quick in the uptake. We all know the story of rats forsaking a ship that is about to sink. Francis Bacon, away back in 1597, put it rather differently: "It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall." And James Whaler, in his *Monsieur Pipereau*, is under no misapprehension:

> We had a hundred and seven traps all told;
> And every brand of poison mixture sold.
> Ever study rats?—You 'll take them by surprise
> Once—no! not even once. No trap, how wise
> Or simple, fools a rat in his right mind!

But the rat is not only an exceptionally intelligent being: he is also the all-rounder *par excellence*. He is omnivorous: he is an expert burrower and he is an expert climber and an expert swimmer. Let me quote James Whaler again:

> Rats!
> Tremendous teams and troupes of acrobats,
> Chewing on harness and on leather puttees,
> On snow-shoe straps as if it were cheese.
> I saw their eyes like little jewelled moons
> Arching from rope to rope in glad festoons.

And he is wonderfully brave. The females will fight to the death in defence of their young, and will help in the defence of the young of others. It is true he will normally run away from Man or a dog or a cat, but this is a matter of prudence (like taking a macintosh in showery weather) and not of fear. A cornered rat will fight. It will attack man or dog or cat without the slightest hesitation. It must know perfectly well that it hasn't a chance. I think that you must admire such courage.

In addition to all this, the rat is a good "team-man." They are social creatures, delighting in the company of their kind, and they will often act in concert, combining to do tasks that would be beyond the powers of a single individual. I do not think that there is any reason to doubt the widespread country belief (which is shared by experienced rat-catchers) that there are recognised leaders in rat communities. Rats acting in concert will attack much larger animals. There are even tales of men being attacked by armies of rats—you will remember the story of Bishop Hatto's death—but I suspect that these are legends. At any rate, I have slept in a good many barns in my time and by a good many ricks, and there have always been plenty of rats running about—it is probably true to say that there is no place in England, except on the tops of the highest mountains, where the brown rat is not to be found—and more than once they have run over my body, and not one has ever had so much as a nibble.

But to return to the rats of my garden. My cat died, and my dog, in extreme old age, had to be put to sleep. Then there was illness in the house and I did not replace them. It did not take the rats long to realise that they were not going to be replaced immediately, and they became more and more diurnal in habit. They would come out and play about on the lawn (even while we were sitting there), and wonderfully pretty, and fascinating to watch, they were. Sometimes they would go for swims in my lily-pond: and it was obvious that they bathed for the sheer pleasure of it. We became quite rat-minded.

Then one day we watched a mother and her baby (a delightful little thing with beautiful pink feet and soft grey fur) in the japonica outside the drawing-room window. They were about 3 ft. from the ground and the mother was teaching her baby to appreciate the delights of quince-buds, and they were talking together in shrill squeaks. We watched them from the window, entranced. Something disturbed them, and they leapt from the bush and disappeared. That evening, close by the japonica, I found the beginnings of a hole underneath the house.

Regretfully we summoned the rat-catcher. He came the following morning, went all round the garden putting down "bait" (he was very thorough), and from that day to this we have not seen another rat. It was magic. But whether rat-catcher magic or just rat magic, I am not sure. I find it difficult to believe that he killed them all, just like that. It is almost as if the rats said to themselves: "Here 's that chap in the green cap, better move down the road for a while." But I cannot be sure. It's true that I have not seen a dead rat, but . . . But when I think of that mother and baby, I feel just a little ashamed. Man is the only animal that can blush—or has need to.

GENERAL FRANCO'S CATCH: In the small Basque port of Pasajes a sperm whale is hauled out of the water. In its side is the hook with which it was towed after being harpooned. The Spanish Chief of State, General Franco, took part in the harpooning and killing of the whale in the Bay of Biscay. The chase of the mammal by the General's yacht *Azor* took nine hours. According to reports, the whale weighed between 35 and 38 tons. General Franco was engaged in tunny-fishing, one of his favourite pastimes, when the whale was sighted.

BIG-GAME FISHING

Franco's Whale ; Sharks off Cornwall

SHARK-FISHING OFF THE CORNISH COAST: The rod bends as the fisherman reels in his line. Because of the great strength of the shark he hopes to catch, he is strapped into his seat; the rod is also chained round his body. *Left*—A hook in its upper jaw, the huge mouth of a shark gapes open as the fish is hauled from the sea. The shark-fishing expeditions are organised at Looe, Cornwall, by local fishermen as an added attraction for visitors. The boat and special tackle can be hired and an expert accompanies the amateur fisherman. The fishing-ground is only 17 miles off the Cornish coast. Sharks are most common in warmer regions but sixteen species are found around the coasts of Britain.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY: The Great Dolomite Road, opened to Alpine traffic in 1909, crosses the Pordoi Pass. In June of this year various celebrations were held to commemorate the golden anniversary of the road.

WINDING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS: From this section of the Dolomite Road through the Pordoi Pass can be seen the Sassolungo-Langkofel group of mountains.

A FEAT OF ENGINEERING: The road is supported on arches as it runs along the cliff-face in the gorge of the Val d'Ega-Eggental. The route leads from the Adige Valley to Cortina d'Ampezzo through Northern Italy.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF THE DOLOMITE ROAD

In 1909, one of the most spectacular of Alpine routes, the Great Dolomite Road, was opened to the public. For the first time a metalled route crossed the two high mountain passes of Pordoi and Falzarego, in the Italian Dolomites. With the existing road over the Costalunga, they opened a way through mountains, which in the colour and shape of the rock, are unique. To commemorate the fifty years of the road, various celebrations were held in June, including a tourist car rally and receptions. The Dolomites are named after the French scientist Déodat de Dolomieu, who made a geological study of the rock formations 150 years ago. This marked the beginning of general interest in the mountains and their breath-taking scenery. After the First World War, the Great Dolomite Road was widened up to 25 ft. and modernised.

The Sphere of Travel

OFF TO THE CARIBBEAN

Winter Cruises and Other Methods of Travel to the West Indies for Idyllic Weather and Bathing on the Various Islands

By GORDON COOPER

MOST Britons to-day have come to learn of the attractions of the West Indies, that group of tropical islands which form part of an archipelago stretching from the delta of the Orinoco, in Venezuela, to the peninsula of Florida. When it comes to winter sunshine there is hardly any other part of the world, within reasonable reach, where you can be more sure of real warmth and idyllic bathing conditions during the most unpleasant months of the English winter. Nothing need stop you locking your front door, leaving the cat with a neighbour, and then setting forth to loaf on Caribbean shores. The only two possible obstacles to such a plan are either shortage of time, or shortage of money.

Shortage of time is more a matter of personal philosophy than anything else. As for shortage of money, I claim that, contrary to popular belief, you don't necessarily have to pay the earth to stay in many of the islands, especially if you are content with the simple life. The range of prices is amazingly wide; the choice is up to you. Obviously, however, the cost of transportation there and back is a serious item in your budget.

Intending visitors have the choice of going either on a round cruise trip, with short calls at a number of islands included in the itinerary, or of deciding on some choice spot for a more prolonged holiday. In the case of the latter, there are some inclusive tours offered by travel agents, but if you are the adventurous type then you may prefer to go on your own. There are various tourist information offices to help you in this respect.

SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA: Some thirteen miles from Kingston, the town served as the seat of government of the island until 1870. The imposing public buildings testify to its former grandeur. B.O.A.C. and their allied company British West India Airways, besides providing a service to most of the islands, also offer certain inclusive holidays.

DIVERSION TO MOROCCO: AN EXTENSION OF THE BERGEN LINE SERVICE

There is a novel extension to the normal winter service of the Bergen Line to Madeira and the Canary Islands. On the last two voyages the m.v. *Venus* will also call at Casablanca. A round voyage or indeed a cruise of over three thousand miles and lasting twelve days will now be possible for little more than the standard return fare. For an example, an outside double cabin on the main promenade deck will cost £149 per head instead of £130, which is the standard fare. Since the vessel also calls at Agadir a two-day excursion can be arranged between the two ports to visit the rose-red city of the south, Marrakesh, famed for its palmeries and fascinating medina. This excursion into Morocco will also enable the visitor to pass through the foothills of the Atlas Mountains and see for himself the magnificent snow-covered peaks which separate him from the Sahara Desert. That arrangement applies only to Voyage No. 10, which leaves Southampton on Wednesday, March 23, returning on April 4.

On Voyage No. 11 a call is still made at Casablanca, but Tangier is chosen for the second port visited in Morocco instead of Agadir. You arrive in Tangier at two o'clock in the afternoon of April 9, which is a Saturday and you rejoin the ship at Casablanca if you wish at six o'clock in the evening on the following day. This will enable you to spend a few hours exploring the casbah before catching a plane or overnight coach to Casablanca, where all Sunday and Monday can be spent, with the possibility of paying brief visits to Rabat, the capital of the country, or to the garden resort of Fedala, a mere 15 miles away, where there is a wonderful beach and a golf course. It is not impossible to hire a car and visit Marrakesh; the 150-mile journey can easily be accomplished in three hours, the road is so wide and so straight.

If you can get hold of the new booklet published by the Bergen Line and study the timetable, several combinations may suggest themselves to you. For an example, you could leave Southampton on March 23, stay in the Canaries at Teneriffe for fifteen days and enjoy a brief visit to Morocco on the way out.

There are eleven voyages of the *Venus* in all this winter, beginning on Friday, December 18, and finishing on Wednesday, April 6. The service, with the exception of the last two voyages, will call as usual at Madeira and Teneriffe on every voyage and at Las Palmas on five of them. Prices range from £74 to £180 according to cabin or suite. A stay of ten days or eleven days in Madeira costs as little as £16 14s. 6d., or as much as £49 17s. 6d. In Teneriffe prices are a little lower, from £14 to £37 1s. for a ten- or eleven-day stay. A twenty-one-day visit is possible at Grand Canary; according to the hotel, the price per head will vary between £64 3s. and £94 3s. 6d.

W. D. C. C.

One of the most popular of the round voyages is that offered by the French Line on their ships, the s.s. *Flandre* and the s.s. *Antilles*. Sailing dates from Southampton are January 5, February 10, and February 16. The duration of each voyage is about a month, and calls are made at a number of ports. This winter a new port of call is La Horta (Azores), where a whole day is spent. This breaks the longish trip across the Atlantic. I can personally recommend these French Line cruises, not least because I found the shore excursions well organised, while, as one would expect, the cuisine on board is impeccable. If accommodation is available it may be feasible to make a stop-over.

Other cruise suggestions include a five-week round trip on an 18,000-ton liner of the Italian Grimaldi Line (recommended), and by the s.s. *Batory* of the Polish Line, and voyages by various freighters. As the bookings, however, on the latter are invariably very heavy, it is best to consult a specialist travel agent regarding what is available. Generally speaking, it may be said that many travellers to the West Indies make their bookings over a year ahead; but there are always some cancellations.

For those who wish to sojourn on one or other of the islands, the main problem is to secure transportation there and back. This is not easily arranged, except by air. B.O.A.C. and their allied company, British West India Airways, can carry you to most, but not all, of the Caribbean islands. They also offer certain inclusive holidays on some islands, including Jamaica, Barbados and the Windward Islands, Trinidad and Tobago. Your travel agent can supply particulars. It is also possible to reach the Caribbean islands by way of the U.S.A.

Where to stay? Naturally, the large influx of American visitors has tended to raise prices in many of the islands. But if you are satisfied with escapist living then my first choice would be the peerless Grenadines, a chain of sixty islands scattered in crystal-clear tropic seas between quiet St. Vincent and livelier Grenada. Here are the best spear-fishing waters and reasonably-priced accommodation is available. Union Island is suggested as a suitable base. The best accommodation, however, for visitors is on Bequia, the northernmost of the Grenadines. This is a beachcomber's paradise, as yet unspoilt. Accommodation can be booked ahead through the local agent, Hazells, in St. Vincent. The booking is done by radio-telephone and when you board the schooner taking you to Port Elizabeth, the principal settlement, everyone will know all about you. A recommended guest house is The Sunny Caribee, but you can also rent a bungalow or furnished house for about £8 a month. A small yacht is ideal for explorations, for there is only one motor-car on the island.

Carriacou, largest of the Grenadines, and like Bequia, quite unspoiled although well settled, would be my next choice. Hillsborough, the main village and port of entry, has charm. There are good roads on the island, and taxis are available, also boats for fishing or visiting the cluster of lovely isles to the south. Plane service is available twice weekly, although Carriacou is only a flagstop on the St. Vincent Air Service route. For further information, write to: Commissioner, Government Offices, Hillsborough, Carriacou, B.W.I.

Among the largest of the Leeward Islands is Antigua, which is a good all-round island. The coastal scenery is magnificent; and the off-shore coral reefs, beautiful beaches, low annual rainfall, and insect-free evenings all combine to create idyllic outdoor living conditions. The atmosphere is quite informal, and there are two beach hotels offering good rooms and meals for around £2 a day. From Antigua you should visit Nevis, where Nelson wooed and won his first wife, the widow Mrs. Nisbet—the record is in the register at Fig Tree Church. Mrs. Pomeroy has an attractive guest house, and her terms, although rather high, include all drinks—a means of avoiding a licence.

Farther south, I favour St. Lucia, for it offers a combination of some of the finest mountain and sea scenery in the West Indies as well as unspoiled native life. As a bone of contention for over two centuries between Britain and France, this island still shows a considerable Gallic influence, and the peasants still speak a French patois. Hotels are modestly priced, and you can live well there (including afternoon tea) for under £1 a day. Ask the Tourist Board for further information. Castries is the capital, and it has one of the finest harbours in the world, and the climate is semi-tropical rather than tropical. There are excellent bathing beaches and some pleasant excursions to be made.

Wildest and most jungle-covered of the Caribbeans is Dominica, where the last remnants of the once all-powerful and cannibalistic Caribs still live. Roseau, the capital, has half-a-dozen small hotels, but they offer nothing more than moderate comfort. For the true traveller it is the villages which offer most appeal, although the accommodation available will hardly appeal to the fastidious.

Haiti, an independent republic, will appeal especially to the Bohemian type, for the place is full of native colour. Of the French islands, Martinique offers most. Guadaloupe, too, is distinctive, and from there no visitor should miss the Iles des Saintes. Here the inhabitants call themselves saintois and say they originally came from Brittany; and the scenery is bewitching, albeit your trip is likely to be wet, for it rains most afternoons.

St. Martin is the best base to visit the Dutch islands of the Windward Group. The schooner *Blue Peter* links these islands one to three times weekly. Saba, especially, is well worth a two-day stopover, for this island is simply the top of a volcano shooting straight up from the sea. It has no port, but an airport, alas, is contemplated; it will be an engineering marvel when completed, for there is hardly one flattish patch. You land in a small boat through the surf—the experience can be exciting. If you land at the Ladder, which you do when the surf is too dangerous at Fort Bay, you must climb 530 steps to reach The Bottom, capital of Saba. From Fort Bay, however, access is by jeep.

The inhabitants are descendants of British and Dutch adventurers, and they are unique in the West Indies, for they remain predominantly white. English is the official language, even though the Simmons, Johnsons, etc., are, none the less, loyal Dutch subjects. Their trim cottages are perfect models of Dutch house-pride. It is certainly a place to which I wish to return; also to Sombrero, with a lighthouse and sea birds as scenery.

Montserrat is one of the most attractive scenically and least spoiled of the Leewards, but the excitingly rugged British Virgin Islands are expensive, for the dollar reigns there and the locals won't accept the island money. Yet the islands offer excellent yachting waters and delightful anchorages. For superb beaches, I favour the Cayman Islands, which lie north-west of Jamaica and south of Cuba. Grand Cayman is expensive, but Cayman Brac offers an escapist spot, while the true beachcomber will delight in neighbouring Little Cayman. Then, although they do not form part of the Caribbean, I wish to mention the Bahama Islands, reached by B.O.A.C. by a twice-weekly service, or by a three-day cruise from New York, every Friday, by the s.s. *Nassau*. Eagle Airways also maintain a service between Bermuda and Nassau. There are also occasional sailings by ships of the P.S.N. Co. and Royal Mail Lines. The London office of the Bahamas Development Board can supply full information, including details of accommodation. While prices are generally high, there are guest houses whose rates are reasonable.

South America, too, offers considerable appeal to the traveller in search of winter sunshine. In addition to the regular sailings by Royal Mail Lines to the east coast (but bookings are often hard to make) and P.S.N. Co. to the west coast, there are opportunities to make round trips by freighter. In some cases the tour can be combined with the unusually interesting railway journey of 40 hours over the mighty Andes and across the Great Argentine Plains from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires or vice versa. As in previous years, there are the monthly eight-week voyages by merchant liners of the Booth Line, which take you a thousand miles up the mighty Amazon into the heart of Brazil. The itinerary each way is usually Leixoes, Lisbon, Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Para and Manaos; and the inclusive first-class cruise fares, the ship being used as an hotel throughout, are from £300 for single and from £600 for double cabins.

ADDRESSES OF SPECIALIST SHIPPING AGENTS AND INFORMATION OFFICES:

Bahamas Development Board, 21, *Berkeley Square, London, W.*1.
West Indies Tourist Information Bureau, 198, *Sloane Street, S.W.*1.
*Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.*1.
Caribbean Tours Ltd., 12, *Park Mansions Arcade, S.W.*1 (*for inclusive tours*).
Western Shipping and Air Travel Ltd., 39, *Jermyn Street, S.W.*1.
Informal Travels Ltd., 45, *Queensway, W.*2.
Stelp and Leighton Ltd., 9-13, *Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.*3.
French Line, 20, *Cockspur Street, S.W.*1.
Bowerman Shipping Ltd., 28, *Ely Place, E.C.*1.

On right—
SUNSHINE IN WINTER: Palm fronds give shade on one of the beaches of Jamaica. The French Line provide round trips to the West Indies, lasting for about a month and calling at various places for shore excursions.

THE NEW SHAPE OF LONDON'S SOUTH BANK—THE CHANGING SCENE ON THE SITE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION OF 1951: Dominating the centre of this new aerial picture is one of the partly-completed office blocks to form the London headquarters for the staff of the Shell International Petroleum Company. It has eleven storeys and is about 150 ft. high. To the right of the railway viaduct (which leads in the foreground to Hungerford Bridge) work is in progress on the construction of the rest of the project. When completed, the tallest building on the Shell site will rise to a height of 338 ft. The group of offices will probably be the largest in the capital. In April, a Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Squad was called in to remove an unexploded German bomb which had been found during excavation work near Waterloo Station.

LONDON'S SOUTH BANK DEVELOPMENT

Building Progress on a Section of the Vast Riverside Site

A few years ago much of the area seen in this picture was occupied by old warehouses and dwellings which had been badly damaged during the war. By 1951 the old buildings had been swept away and the vast site between Waterloo Bridge and County Hall, the headquarters of the L.C.C., was occupied by the South Bank Exhibition of the Festival of Britain. One of the first permanent buildings to be erected on the site was the Royal Festival Hall, which is seen in the right foreground of the picture. After the Exhibition, the L.C.C. announced their plans for the South Bank and stated that the site would combine business premises with places of entertainment. To-day, work is well advanced on the construction of the dominating feature, the new London headquarters building for the Shell International Petroleum Company, the tallest part of which will be approximately three times the height of County Hall. When completed the group of buildings will consist of two blocks of eleven storeys; a block of three storeys, and a 338-ft. tower with twenty-six storeys.

In the bottom left corner of the picture is the old shot tower, which was erected in 1826 for the making of shot from lead. This building, with the model of the original Crystal Palace at its base, was a prominent landmark in the South Bank Exhibition. But its days are numbered. In the original L.C.C. development plan for the area the tower is to be demolished to make way for an underground car park. The road on the left of the picture leads from Waterloo Bridge, and continues past St. John's Church (on the left), Waterloo Station and the Old Vic (in the far background), until it joins Westminster Bridge Road to form London Road. From there it leads to St. George's Circus and the Elephant and Castle.

SOUND AS A TOOL: ULTRASONICS IN INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IN 1912, shortly after the *Titanic* went down through striking an iceberg, an acoustics expert named L. F. Richardson suggested that high-pitched sound vibrations might be used from ships to detect and locate hidden or submerged objects in the vicinity, particularly when visibility was bad. Nothing came of the idea—at least directly, or at the time. Within a few years the Admiralty became more concerned than ever before with the problem of detecting hidden, submerged objects, and hostile ones—the U-boats. The possibilities of sound detection were not ignored; a considerable amount of research was devoted to evolving some practical device, and progress was made. But the war ended before any equipment became operational; for the most part, sound stalked the submarine in the First World War simply by the use of very sensitive microphones to detect the beat of the submarine's propeller.

Between the wars study of the use of sound at sea went on for peaceful purposes—and continued in the naval research establishments. Echo-sounding equipment was developed to measure the depth of water below a ship, though its refinements came later. The Admiralty developed Asdic, a refinement of the technique which used the reflections of sound waves from anything in the sea nearby not only to detect the presence of a submarine, but also to indicate the bearing and the distance from the ship. Asdic (later passed to the Americans, who called it Sonar) has never been fully described, in all its details, in public; though U-boat commanders learned by bitter experience a number of tricks that could temporarily throw it off the scent, such as the releasing of great bubbles of compressed air in the sea behind them which for a moment or so would give off similar echoes to the submarine itself, no means of continuously avoiding its vigilance was ever discovered. It played a major role in the battles of the convoys; few of the 996 submarines destroyed in World War II were defeated without its help.

Since that time the allied but simpler technique of echo-sounding has been developed immensely, primarily by the British firm Kelvin and Hughes. Ordinarily two sets are used, though the one that generates the sound-wave downwards can also be used to record it when it bounces back up off the sea bottom. It takes only a fraction of a second for the sound-wave to go down and back again; ordinarily the sound signals are repeated so rapidly as to trace, on a recording graph, a chart of the irregularities of the sea bottom. The accuracy of its sounding, based upon automatic measurement of the time interval in terms of the speed of sound, is within 1 per cent.; in shallow waters, within a few inches.

Turbulence in the water can affect the accuracy of echo-sounding; the bow wave set up by a big, fairly blunt-shaped tanker, for example, will interfere by reflecting the sound-waves itself. Modern refinements of echo-sounding make use of this sensitivity of the sound-waves to anything disturbing the "interface" of the sea-water through which they travel. Modern fishing vessels use it to locate and to delineate shoals of fish in the water below them; experts can judge from the patterns set up by echo-sounding—usually on a cathode-ray tube screen—not only the size and direction of a shoal, but often the kind of fish that make it up.

There is nothing particularly abstruse or scientific-sounding in the idea of emitting a sound and listening to hear where the echo comes from; echo-sounding and even Asdic are fairly easy for the layman to grasp in principle. But it is not wholly incidental to these techniques that the sound-waves they use are too high for the human ear to hear, as in a "silent" dog whistle; the frequency they use is in fact 100,000,000 vibrations a second or more, as against the 20,000 cycles a second that is the limit of the human ear. These were the first and are still probably the most important applications of "ultrasonics"; but some of the more recently-developed and more complex applications of these very high frequency sound-waves depend more upon the rather curious effects that they can have upon the medium through which they are passing.

Ultrasonic vibrations—which can be induced by electrically exciting crystals into rhythmic oscillation, or by setting up resonance in rods or rings of magnetic material—first began to be used outside the marine field during the last war. Independently, in Britain and in the United States, it was discovered that they could be used to detect flaws inside solid materials. Though they will penetrate materials opaque to electro-magnetic radiation, cavities (formed by bubbles of gas as a metal ingot cools), or crystalline impurities, will reflect them. The first equipment used worked as X-ray testing does, by measuring how much of the ultrasonic vibration generated reached the other side of the material; later it was realised that detection and measurement of the vibrations reflected from the actual flaws was more telling. All the common structural materials can be tested by ultrasonics; so can the homogeneity of elastic materials such as rubber in tyres.

This kind of work, and also the measurement of thickness, fits very neatly into the whole system of "non-destructive testing" that is increasingly required in modern industry; its speed in operation is such that ultrasonic testing can readily be made continuous so as not to interrupt the flow of production. In this field ultrasonics has some other rivals from the scientific backrooms, such as the X-ray, and more recently the radioactive isotope materials; but though their possibilities overlap, each has its own particular sphere.

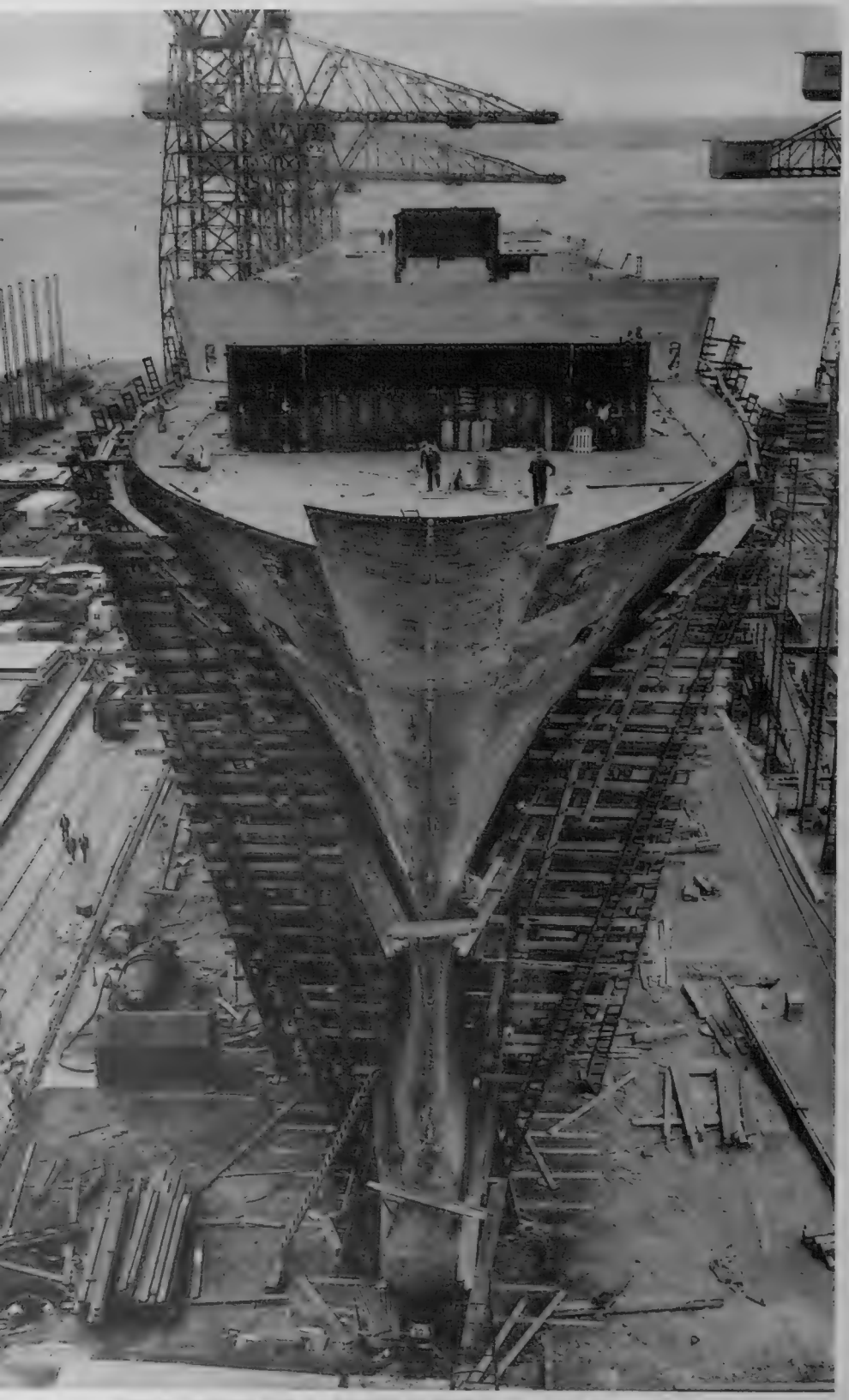
More "positive" uses of ultrasonics in production rely upon its power to change the material through which its sound-waves pass, or upon the direct use of its very fast vibrations. In a liquid, it can set up the phenomenon known as "cavitation," altering the physical structure of the liquid; the process of emulsion, in which small droplets of two liquids are driven into each other, can be speeded up by its use. This can be used to break down pigments as they are mixed into a paint, or, while an ingot is being formed from molten metal, to prevent bubbles or crystals forming. It can affect chemical and bacteriological changes in a liquid; it has been used for sterilisation of liquids, and for artificial "ageing" of whisky. One of the most widely-used applications is in certain kinds of cleaning, in which the vibrations literally shake dirt off—for example, the removal of grease from inside small intricate metal parts, such as fountain-pen components, and the cleaning of raw wool and cotton. It has been talked about, rather than used much, for laundering processes; "sonic" washing-machines have been marketed, though opinions differ as to their efficiency and how far sound-waves help them clean fabrics.

One rather specialised use of its cleaning and "de-scaling" effect is in the soldering of aluminium, which is normally difficult because of the oxide film that this metal normally forms on any surface in air. The "ultrasonic soldering iron" developed by Mullard Limited breaks up and disperses this film, allowing the aluminium surface to be "tinned" and soldered as easily as other metals. Mullards were also the pioneers of "ultrasonic machining." This uses a small ultrasonic generator, acting through a tool tip, to set up very rapid vibrations in abrasive placed between the tool and the metal workpiece. The vibrating abrasive chips off microscopic particles of the metal, and wears a hole into it that can be shaped to follow the contours of the tool tip. Ultrasonically, one can "drill" square or more complex-shaped holes; because there is essentially no contact between tool and workpiece in this kind of machining, the normal problem of tool wear hardly arises.

So far, ultrasonic machining has therefore been used primarily to drill materials that are too hard for ordinary cutting tools; glass, diamonds, tungsten carbide tool materials themselves. But this process of machining without tool wear—matched only by certain forms of "electro-machining"—remains to many engineers' minds the most intriguing and promising application of the whole technique. Ultrasonics has not perhaps developed with the speed that some enthusiasts foresaw seven or eight years ago; but these sound-waves have penetrated many sectors of industry, and are jerking themselves out more room in several of them.

PART OF AN OIL TERMINAL ON TOW TO THE ARABIAN GULF

On its way through the English Channel on a 7,000-mile tow to the Arabian Gulf is part of the Deep Water Terminal for giant oil tankers being constructed by the Basrah Petroleum Company of Iran. Prefabricated in England by the Joint Venture Group, the strange-looking craft is actually an amalgamation of two platforms which will form the ends of the jetty. The forepart will be the helicopter landing stage and the rear portion the living quarters. They will be separated again on site. The middle section, which will be 240 ft. long, and at which two tankers will be berthed simultaneously, is also being prefabricated in England by the Joint Venture Group. The site of the terminal is 25 miles south of Fao and it will be connected to the oilfields by 32-in. pipe, enabling two tankers to be loaded at the same time at a rate of 8,000 tons per hour. The terminal will cost £16,000,000 and the whole project, including the development of oilfields, £35,000,000.



THE MASSIVE SHAPE OF A NEW LINER: The sheet aluminium prefabricated sections of the Ori superstructure are placed in position. Due to leave the stocks this autumn, the 40,00 liner will be the largest to be launched in Great Britain since the *Queen Elizab*

UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: From the bows of the new Orient Line's *Oriana*, being built by Vickers-Armstrongs, can be seen parts of the superstructure, which is being made out of prefabricated aluminium, and is the largest ever built out of the metal. *Right*—The bows of the *Oriana* are fitted with a bulbous, unorthodox forefoot, which, it is claimed, will increase the speed of the liner.

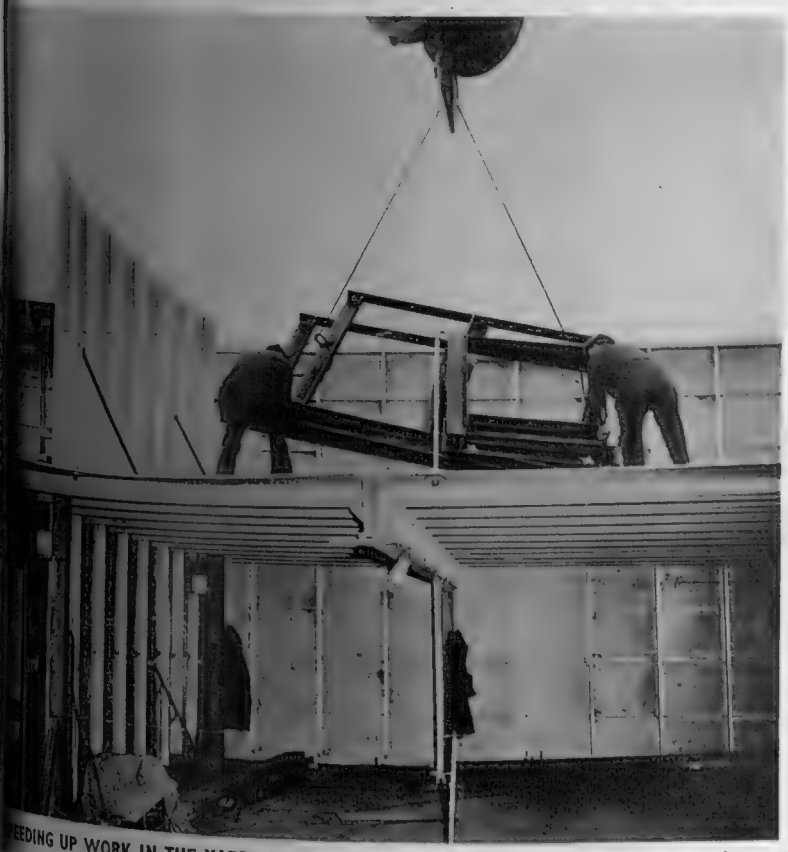
NEW TECHNIQUES IN BRITISH SHIP CONSTRUCTION

In the construction of the Orient Line's passenger liner *Oriana*, in the Vickers-Armstrongs yards at Barrow-in-Furness, radical new shipbuilding methods are being used. For the first time, aluminium girders as well as sheet are employed in the superstructure. This weighs 1,020 tons and represents the largest all-welded structure ever made, not only for a ship, but also for land use. Aluminium sections have been prefabricated in shops some little distance away in the yards and the sections hoisted into position by cranes; this method has greatly increased the speed of working. Previously, aluminium was employed in shipbuilding as sheet on top of a steel skeleton; much experimentation has gone into the methods of constructing an all-aluminium superstructure for the *Oriana*, with its consequent lightness. On the liner, the metal is used for five decks, two bridge decks, and all the upper works; the total area of bulkhead and deck plating is almost 350,000 sq. ft. About 90 per cent. has been prefabricated.

Another new feature of the *Oriana* is her bulbous bow; the rounded foot is designed to improve the flow of the water and enable a higher speed to be reached without increased engine power. The designed service speed of the liner, which she should reach on long stretches of her voyages, is 27½ knots. Destined for the Australia and Pacific route of the Orient Line, she should take up to a week less than present ships on the run. She is powered by 80,000-h.p. oil-fired turbines.

The *Oriana*, which has more aluminium in her superstructure than even the *United States*, the flagship of the United States Line, will cost about £12,500,000. At 40,000 tons, she will be the largest passenger liner built in Great Britain since the record-breaking *Queen Elizabeth*, at over 83,000 tons. In all, the new liner will carry 600 first-class passengers and 1,500 tourist-class. Another new feature is that her crew of 900 will all be accommodated in single- or two-berth cabins—the first time this has ever been done on a British passenger liner. On service to Australia and the Pacific, she will run in conjunction with the P. & O. liner *Canberra*, approximately 45,000 tons, which is due to be launched a few months after the *Oriana*.

AT WORK IN VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS SHIPYARDS: The various prefabricated sections are placed in position. About 90 per cent. of the aluminium superstructure, comprising five decks, two bridge decks, and all upper works, has been assembled in prefabricated form in shops some little distance away in the main yard. The total area of bulkhead and deck plating in aluminium is in the region of 350,000 sq. ft.



EEDING UP WORK IN THE YARD: *Left*—With the help of a crane, workmen ease into position a section of the superstructure, prefabricated in a separate shop. In introducing this system in the construction of the *Oriana*, Vickers-Armstrongs have greatly speeded up work. *Right*—From one of the giant cranes in the Barrow-in-Furness yard can be seen various sections already placed in position. The aluminium superstructure of the *Oriana* will weigh just over 1,000 tons. The liner is estimated to cost some £12,500,000.

THREAT OF FLOODS FROM THE EARTHQUAKE: The letters "OKSOS" have been painted on top of the Hebg Dam, on the Madison River, near Yellowstone Park, in Montana. The dam was reported leaking a the earthquake in Montana last week. However, there was no danger of immediate collapse of the d

DAMAGE ON THE ROADS: *Above*—Deep fissures have made the highway north of Yellowstone impassable. *On right*—Near Duck Creek a car is overturned in the right foreground. Many tourists were caught in the earthquake.

EARTHQUAKE IN AMERICA

The Disaster in the North-West of the United States, Which was Followed by Further Earth Tremors

On August 19, the needles on the seismograph at the Science Museum at South Kensington, in London, made rapid sweeps over a radius of 15 ins. Similar reactions were reported from instruments in many other parts of the world. The epicentre of the earthquake was in the State of Montana, in the United States of America, just outside the Yellowstone National Park. Shocks were felt as far north as the Canadian border and to the south in the State of Wyoming.

Montana is a popular holiday centre and many tourists were camping in and around Yellowstone Park. Highways were fissured, hills and mountain slopes collapsed in landslides there was fear that the Hebgen Reservoir, w was "tipped askew," might burst its ba Rescue operations were started on a large s Air Force and police helicopters were sent u survey the damage and to advise those workin the ground. About 1,000 people living by Madison River below the Hebgen Reservoir its dam were evacuated from their homes. C were improvised for campers and motorists who been trapped. The death roll from the disa was known to be at least eight. Further trem fortunately slight, were felt later in Mont

TERRUPTION TO A HIGH-WAY: The picture, taken from the air, shows the road which runs along the side of Lake Hebgen suddenly coming to an end below fissured and cracked slopes. The highway had been abruptly terminated by the earthquake. South-West Montana was the epicentre of the earthquake, which was felt from the Canadian border in the north to the State of Wyoming in the south. The region of Yellowstone Park, in Montana, is popular among summer holiday campers and it was reported that many people had been trapped in landslides and floods following the earthquake. It was expected that some time would elapse before an accurate casualty roll of dead and injured could be compiled and the extent of the damage estimated. On the two days after the earthquake Montana suffered further tremors.

right—

CAUSE OF MUCH DAMAGE: The Hebgen Dam, which was cracked, supports a reservoir 35 miles long in a narrow canyon. The effect of the earthquake in disrupting the water was said to have caused several landslides. At one place what was described as "a mountain" collapsed into the Madison River, blocking it with huge boulders. Rescue operations were often held up by bad weather conditions.

The World of Books

THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD

A Biography of Arnold Rothstein; A Study of Coleridge; Following the Footsteps of Don Quixote; Non-Fiction and Novels of the Week

THE idea of a highly-organised underworld, operating with the efficiency of a business enterprise and directed from the top by a cool, far-sighted man who remains in mysterious shadow while he scoops in his millions is one that is familiar to all readers of sensational fiction. And, on one scale or another, there have been such organisations and such leading figures since the Middle Ages and probably before. One of the most spectacular of them all was a man called Arnold Rothstein who was shot in a hotel in his native New York thirty years ago and died without giving the name of his murderer. No one was ever sentenced for the crime and officially it remains to this day "open" on the New York police files. Rothstein was one of the children of a prosperous and orthodox Jewish family. He was its only black sheep but he was that in a very comprehensive way. He was, first, last and all the time, a gambler and he began his career on Broadway in a small way with the conviction (his only one) that money and preferably cash money was the greatest power a man could have. For this reason the slowly enlarging wad of dollar notes which he always carried was at once his surety and his moral stimulus, if one may use that word about him. He gambled on cards, on horses, on prize fights and on baseball and, by the same token, he played with loaded dice and marked cards, he "fixed" horse races, fights and matches, bribed and bought politicians and policemen and was a business man who used every illegitimate practice in his business.

In THE BIG BANKROLL (Gollancz. 21s.), a biography of this character which gives the reader more excitement than one in a hundred thrillers, Mr. Leo Katcher has been as objective as possible and he has also, quite obviously, performed extraordinary feats of research into his subject's life and times. For the years in which Rothstein reigned, when his power was so great that he was immune from attack by newspapers, police or politicians, were also the years in which the world of crime was organised and, in the author's words, transformed from an anarchic into an authoritarian state. Rothstein was the organiser and his single-minded drive for money, his utter ruthlessness (he employed and financed some of the most bestial and notorious killers in criminal history) and his sharp intelligence made him the object of terror and of influence much further afield than the island of Manhattan.

There is very little that is edifying about his story. It has been said that Rothstein created a machine that runs smoothly to-day, runs as Rothstein made it run and that "its component parts—politicians and law-breakers—have become one." It can be added that this same story is as absorbing a study in crime as one has read for ten years.

From the stews and viciousness of Rothstein's world to the universe of an inspired poet. Mr. J. B. Beer, sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has written COLERIDGE THE VISIONARY (Chatto and Windus. 30s.), an exploration of the poet's imaginative range and of the influences which led him to the writing of such works as *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*. Mr. Beer discusses at some length the nature of romanticism which was an inseparable climate of Coleridge's work, the writers who chiefly influenced him while he was still at school and at Cambridge and the growth of his mind along both visionary and scientific lines. From this the author moves to an examination of the three poems in question and it is here that his book reaches its most significant phase, and also demonstrates its original thinking.

THE QUEST FOR QUIXOTE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's account of a Spanish journey made in a spirit of both piety and great relish. For *Don Quixote* has been this author's favourite novel since he first read it as a boy and his decision to follow his hero's three journeys was a matter of delight as much as of scholarly inquiry and reconstruction. Three hundred and fifty years seem a vast span of time to separate those three classic "sallies" from our own days but, as Mr. Croft-Cooke has effectively shown, Spain is a country in which time has other dimensions and often he found that, if the places themselves had suffered some natural change, the types of people he met were close to reproducing Cervantes' characters. The journeyings took our modern writer to and fro across the hot plain of La Mancha, a name familiar to even the least persevering readers of *Don Quixote*, and finally to Barcelona, where Don Quixote's voyages had ended so ignominiously but where he was able to find friendship and laughter. For this is a book about Spain to-day, as it is about Cervantes' Spain and the parallels which Mr. Croft-Cooke found serve to point up the essential, unchanging qualities of the country and of its people. Entertaining and, if it were not such a dusty-dry word, I would add informative.

In spite of her true affection and, later, her true piety Louise de la Vallière has always seemed to me one of the more insipid of king's mistresses as presented through biography or fiction, but it must be said that Miss Joan Sanders, with typical American enthusiasm, has done her best for her subject. THE DEVOTED MISTRESS (Longmans. 25s.) is, to begin with, a fair and just title. Louise was seventeen when she met Louis XIV in 1661, a maid of honour to Henriette of England and a modest and pretty girl. Louis fell impetuously in love with her and she, more calmly and faithfully, with him. By the time she was thirty she had borne him four children and seen herself supplanted by Madame de Montespan, a woman whose ambitious nature was in violent contrast to her own. Louise endured the situation with her own kind of meekness and then, fortified and sustained by the counsels of the Abbé Bossuet, retired from the court for ever to pass the remaining thirty-five years of her life in the strictest of all orders, as a Carmelite nun. Miss Sanders has handled the material with spirit, has consulted many authorities though not, it seems, Saint-Simon, and has produced a lively book which occasionally leans a little too heavily on feminine intuition.

A NEW ROLE FOR CHARLES LAUGHTON: He plays the title role in *King Lear*, which came into the repertoire at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon on Tuesday of last week (August 18). Mr. Laughton has never before played King Lear. Also in this final production in the 100th season at Stratford's theatre are Anthony Nicholls as Kent; Ian Holm as Fool; Albert Finney as Edgar; Angela Baddeley as Regan; Stephanie Bidmead as Goneril and Zoe Caldwell as Cordelia.

THE HORN AND THE SWORD (MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.) purports to be *The History of the Bull as a Symbol of Power and Fertility* and Mr. Jack Randolph Conrad has, indeed, written a well-composed, learned and a[...] ably illustrated work exactly within the framework of [...] description. His scope is from the Stone Age to our [...] days and his theme the worship of the bull as it has e[...] for centuries and as it is still shown in the statua[...] pictures, the jewels and even the rock paintings of [...] ages, thousands of years from to-day. In such a [...] of *taurophilia* it would be natural to expect referen[...] bull fights, principally as held in Spain, and these a[...] frequently, together with some dramatic photogr[...] The appeal of the book seems to me to be fairly spec[...] and some of Mr. Conrad's conclusions, such as that [...] Spanish "intense hostility" towards bulls being d[...] their identifying them with "hated authority," a[...] far-fetched but at least the book is not banal and the[...] always the illustrations.

A BREATH OF FRENCH AIR (Michael J[...] 12s. 6d.) is Mr. H. E. Bates' new volume of the e[...] of the irrepressible Larkin family who, in the p[...] case, have the literally outlandish idea of spend[...] month's holiday in Brittany, complete with a new [...] (Ma's) who, like the rest of his relations, is more gour[...] than *gourmet*, and the ex-Inland Revenue type, [...] respectably married, which is more than Pa or Ma [...] Pa still retains his all-embracing vigour, Ma her earth[...] although I am beginning to wonder whether Cere[s] Goddess of Plenty, ever attained Ma's hip measure[...] and a good, insular time is had by all, notably those [...] to whom Pa's technique is still a cause for wond[...] gratitude. All very gay and good-tempered, li[...] novel's principal characters, and well-timed to cou[...] post-holiday blues.

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER (Hodder [...] Stoughton. 15s.) is an unashamedly romantic [...] honest in its intentions and written with enough e[...] style to make it agreeable reading. Miss Suzanne [...] bases her story in present-day Canada and deals w[...] marriage between a young and dedicated artist [...] poverty alone prevents him from working as hard [...] would wish at his chosen career, and the rich, spirit[...] whom he increasingly resents. Not particularly pr[...] but likeable and, among other things, an excellent p[...] of life in Montreal and the country around it.

Mr. David Garnett's short novel, A NET [...] VENUS (Longmans. 12s. 6d.), has a simplicity of t[...] and a deliberate bareness of style which add poig[...] to the three-stranded love story he tells. This c[...] an amiable, heavy-set man, his beautiful wife, [...] adolescent son and the handsome lion-tamer from a c[...] which visits a town near their home. The woman a[...] young man fall briefly in love, the boy is jealous and p[...] and the husband's love takes the form of self-abne[...] and charitable tolerance. By the time the problem [...] resolved and the story ended, each of them has re[...] their strengths, their weaknesses or, simply, their be[...] ment and the reader is left to resolve his own pr[...] which is to decide whether these people and their loves [...] worth the expense of Mr. Garnett's delicate talent.

THE BIG X (Heinemann. 15s.) is a novel w[...] both adventurous and exciting. Mr. Hank Sear[...] written about a newer than new aircraft, the pro[...] of an experimental form, on trials over the Mojave [...] The pilot, too, is faced with dilemmas whether gr[...] or aloft, and the whole thing adds up to a story of te[...] and thrills, without too many concessions to senti[...]

Vernon [...]

MANKIND'S BELIEFS

Aspects of Faith and Religion

The latest volume in the New Horizon Books is THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF LIVING FAITHS, edited by R. C. Zaehner (Hutchinson. 50s.). It is divided into two parts: the first "Prophecy" (Judaism, Christianity, Islam and Zoroastrianism); and the second, "Wisdom" (the faiths and beliefs deriving from further east). Most of the contributions are impartial as well as informative. Those on Judaism and Islam are examples. Three excellent chapters on Buddhism outline the principles of a religion which nowadays is attracting considerable study in the West. With regard to Confucius and Lao-tzu, reference might have been made to the story in Chuang-tzu of the meeting between the two sages. (It may be apocryphal but it is none the less charming.) Professor Kent, of Manchester, undertakes the formidable task of summing-up Protestant Christianity, concluding with a survey of the South India experiment and the work of the Ecumenical movement and the World Council of Churches. Writing of "The Catholic Church since the Reformation," Father Corbishley, S.J., is sometimes apologetic rather than expository. His views on scriptural interpretation are not easy to follow. In conclusion the Editor contributes some thoughts on the value of Jung's theory of the Collective Unconscious and reviews Marxism, which he rightly maintains is a living faith, though an atheistic one. The encyclopædia has many full-page illustrations, some in colour, and will certainly be welcomed by all who have any concern with reality.

Religion is a driving force among the uncivilised as much as the civilised. This is made clear in PRIMITIVE PEOPLES TO-DAY, by Edward Weyer (Hamish Hamilton. 3 gns.), another splendidly illustrated volume. Descriptions are given of the extraordinary variety of beliefs, habits and social structures of tribes ra[...] from the Eskimos and the Hairy Ainus to little-k[...] races of Central and Southern America and Aus[...] Some may find Dr. Weyer's narrative style a[...] irritating but for many the book will provide an e[...] read introduction to a fascinating subject. It is a[...] that there is no bibliography. The publishers, [...] curious language of their kind, proclaim the volu[...] be "uniquely revealing." What they mean is the[...] exceptionally interesting.

It is often said that the old nineteenth-century c[...] between religion and science no longer exists. Th[...] approaches to truth are to-day regarded as co[...] mentary, not antagonistic. But there is still a grea[...] of interest in those disputes of a hundred years [...] Gertrude Himmelfarb adds to the library of inform[...] about them with DARWIN AND THE DARWIN[IAN] REVOLUTION (Chatto and Windus. 42s.). [...] Himmelfarb rightly draws attention to the influen[...] Darwin in his early life and she has a marked tal[...] summing-up in a few pithy lines the characters of [...] of those engaged in the great Darwinian controv[...] This is a book for both scientists and laymen. It [...] is a valuable addition to our understanding of the [...] of Evolution and what it means.

Saints may be said to be those who in their [...] practise a religion in its highest concept. There a[...]

KING JOG

Greevey and the more judicial Greville may be forgiven if they sometimes dipped in vitriol their barbs when they recorded the eccentricities of some of the great noblemen and public men of the early nineteenth century. Many of them were indeed eccentric to the border line. Their wealth had accumulated rapidly, inmate drinking and cupping undermined their stamina, they were spoilt from childhood, and tyranny was almost forced upon them. The sincerest among the radical reformers were not exempt; statesmen of both parties were unbalanced; Whitbread, Romilly and Castlereagh took their own lives, and the sincerest of them all, Lambton, was as much a spoilt darling as Grafton, "the Pet." The 1st Earl of Durham deserves, and has now received, a "genuine" and impartial biography. RADICAL JACK, by Leonard Cooper (Cresset Press. 35s.), is an admirable study written in a style so distinguished as to be a constant pleasure to read. Durham's great gifts were handicapped by his weaknesses, pride, obstinacy and ill-temper. These kept him from highest office and constantly made him enemies. Yet he stands in history as a pioneer architect of the Commonwealth of Nations and a great ambassador. In this study Mr. Cooper has shed clearer and fairer light on the controversial "Durham report," and on that went to its making and its aftermath than historians had given us, and Lambton comes out of it with the honour he deserves. His private life has its fair share of treatment, and, but for his weaknesses and one fearful blow of fate, might have made up for his public disappointments. But the son-in-law of Lord Grey and the father of the adored "Master Lambton" deserves the reader's sympathy. A biography so distinguished deserves a better index and a bibliography of its own. For the rest there is little to criticise, since there are two or more opinions on most subjects.

NEHRU AND MODERN INDIA

An enormous bibliography has already been built up around Gandhi and Nehru and the emergence of India as a sovereign nation of great world influence, largely through the labours of those two men. And to that bibliography Nehru himself has been a chief contributor. Michael Brecher's NEHRU. A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY (Oxford University Press. 42s.), is an impressive and massive example of what it claims to be. It may fairly be called a text-book on the political history of India and the Congress Party, which forms the necessary background to very complete portraits of Nehru and of Gandhi. American professors are masters of this form of historical and political biography, and Professor Brecher has already shown a profound knowledge of Indian politics. An immense amount of hard work in research has clearly gone into the biography, and much unpublished matter has been examined, together with pieces of conversations and extracts from private letters. Errors and slips are commendably few, and seldom important. The book, then, is to be highly commended not only as a genuine biography of a great man from childhood to the apex of his career, but as a valuable primer for all students of Indian history which exhaustively and very clearly arranges in chronological order the chief authorities, published and unpublished, for a history of modern India. As biography, it is sympathetic, understanding and often exciting. As history, it is admirably comprehensive and up to date.

John Gore

Books about Christian saints this week. Elizabeth Goudge has written a life of SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI (Duckworth. 21s.) with the scholarship one would expect from the daughter of one of the outstanding English theologians of this century. Eleanor Duckett's THE WANDERING SAINTS (Collins. 18s.) relates the stories of those medieval saints such as Ninian and Patrgor, Willibrord and Leoba who, in their journeys, spread Christianity in Western Europe. Miss Duckett is judicial in dealing with the evidence. Reliable sources only are accepted. Myth is firmly rejected.

All balletomanes will want to possess A DICTIONARY OF MODERN BALLET (Methuen. 36s.). Originally published in French, the General Editors are Francis Gadan and Robert Maillard. The English version, which includes certain changes from the original, has been prepared by Ronald Crichton and Mary Clarke. There are 660 entries and a wealth of illustrations. Turning to pictorial art, EDOUARD MANET: *Water Colours and Pastels* (Methuen. 45s.) contains thirty-two superb colour plates with an introduction and notes by Kurt Martin.

In this age of nuclear warfare one tends to look back nostalgically to the days of cavalry fighting. Colonel H. C. B. Rogers makes no secret of his feelings in this respect. MOUNTED TROOPS OF THE BRITISH ARMY (Seeley, Service. 42s.) records the history of the British horse soldier from the Norman Conquest to what appears to have been the last British cavalry engagement, in World War II in Syria. Colonel Rogers deserves to be read far outside Army messes, where his book will naturally find a place on the shelves.

C. D.

A TENNYSON FAMILY GROUP: The picture was taken recently at a garden party in the grounds of Harrington Hall, and shows Lord Tennyson with members of his family. A few miles away is Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where the present Baron's famous ancestor, Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate and first Baron, was born in August 150 years ago. Among the older members of the group is Sir Charles Tennyson, a grandson of the poet. He was knighted in 1945.

In the group, seated on the ground in front, are Jonathan Tennyson (aged five) and Rosalind Tennyson (aged nine). Both are great-great-grandchildren of the poet. Sitting behind them are, from left: Mrs. Hallam Tennyson; Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt; Sir Charles Tennyson (second son of Hallam Tennyson, the second Baron); the fourth Baron Tennyson (great-grandson of the poet); the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Tennyson and Mrs. Rachel Tennyson Moore. Standing are, from left; Mr. Hallam Tennyson; Mrs. de Bunsen; Commander Mark Aubrey Tennyson, R.N. (heir-presumptive to the title); Mr. Walter Tennyson d'Eyncourt; Mr. Aubrey Tennyson; Mrs. D. Allheusen and Mrs. Crowham.

The Poet Laureate who gave the Tennyson family its distinction was the fourth son of the Vicar of Somersby. His *Poems Chiefly Lyrical* won him general acclaim at the age of twenty-one. His great friend Arthur Hallam, whose name is still retained in the Tennyson family, died in 1833. This tragedy was the inspiration for *In Memoriam* some years later. Tennyson became Poet Laureate in 1850 and was given a peerage in 1883. He lived his later years at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which is still the family seat. More than any other Victorian poet his reputation has deservedly survived, largely owing to his genius for the lyric and the shorter poem. He died in 1892 and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

A POET'S FAMILY: GLASS FOR COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

COMMEMORATING THE BUILDING OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: In London, John Hutton is finishing a special glass vase which is one of 325 to be sold in aid of funds for the Cathedral furniture. The vases are engraved with angels which are also depicted on the great west window or screen of the Cathedral. This will be composed of one vast expanse of glass, divided up into many sections. It will be engraved with "the figures of angels and saints in alternating rows, symbolising the close unity between the life of the Christian on earth and the heavenly world that surrounds us." The frame of the screen is 70 ft. high by 50 ft. wide. *On left*—Mr. Hutton, who has also designed the panels, is seen engraving one of the figures.

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SEPTEMBER TO FEBRUARY

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EASTBOURNE HAS EXCELLENCE in many respects. Successive Dukes of Devonshire and an enterprising Town Council have seen to it that she was town-planned long before an Act of Parliament was passed to preserve places for posterity. Nature has endowed her with health-giving air and a fair share of sunshine and, coupled with the advantage of the sea, are the natural attractions of her backstage—the South Downs, with Beachy Head the pre-breakfast objective for all suffering from superlative energy.

Good hotels abound to suit every taste and purse and many of them stand shoulder to shoulder on Eastbourne's floral mile—The Grand Parade. There are but two hotels in the five-star category—The Grand, 220 bedrooms, and The Cavendish with 86. The former, built in the days of carriages and pairs, still wears an air of selectivity. Standing back from the road, the gentility could take the air after morning church without having to mingle with the common throng. With the years, The Grand has progressed with the times. It offers, besides suites, some fifty bedrooms with private baths. Due to its size it makes an admirable conference headquarters and it well lives up to its name, thanks to the energies of its manager, Mr. R. I. Beattie.

The other five-star hotel, The Cavendish, has but 86 bedrooms, a distinct compliment, for I cannot recall previously the motoring organisations awarding five stars to any hotel with under a hundred rooms. Situated on the Grand Parade opposite the bandstand, it has, with its extensive lounge bars open to the public, the livelier atmosphere, so five-star readers you can pay your money and take your choice. The resident manager is Mr. E. B. Johnson and the owners, Messrs. Pimm's Limited, founders of the famous beverage.

In the four-star category are four hotels, the Burlington, Cumberland, Hydro and Queen's, and of these I have only recent experience of the Cumberland (65 rooms). Drive along Eastbourne's front and you will be struck by the hotel's wide windows, its modern appearance and freshness. Within, it is even more attractive. Its history dates back to some twenty-five years ago, when the present directorate bought an old-fashioned hotel, razed it to the ground and planned, built, equipped and furnished with such thoroughness that to-day The Cumberland ranks as one of Eastbourne's best.

Of the three-star hotels, nine are listed: The Albion (67 rooms), Alexandra (40 rooms), Chatsworth (42 rooms), Lansdowne (unlicensed, 85 rooms), Mansion (102 rooms), Norfolk (41 rooms), Princes (42 rooms), Sandhurst (56 rooms) and Sussex (33 rooms), and of these I have most recent personal knowledge of The Chatsworth and Sandhurst.

The Chatsworth, close to The Cavendish and The Cumberland, is an old favourite, so far as I am concerned. Forty-two rooms with no pretensions of being grand, it provides all the essentials of modern thought on comfort, appetising *table d'hôte* and *à la carte* meals, and offers moderate inclusive weekly terms of from 10 to 16 guineas. While The Chatsworth caters for winter and elderly residents in that they provide a lift, heating, television and bridge, it can be rated in the holiday season as a sound family hotel catering for all ages.

The Sandhurst is owned by the same directorate as The Cumberland, and for a number of years has been ably managed by Miss E. R. Wallington, who is well versed in the finer points of hotel-keeping. Warm, well-furnished and immaculate, The Sandhurst fits in well with the requirements of those who hope to combine comfortable living with a not-so-comfortable income.

All forms of grading, be it stars, crowns, diamonds or numerals, can be misleading, and though the 45-bedroom Wish Tower Hotel is as yet only A.A. appointed, I rate it in a considerably higher category. Situated at the quieter end of the Grand Parade is but one asset, for Miss M. W. Williams, the resident manageress, has built up such a reputation for good homely cooking, cleanliness and a staff known for their efficiency and willing service, that many of the same families return year after year, as do winter residents and short-term out-of-season visitors. We first heard of The Wish Tower from a friend who took his children to lunch there during a busy part of the season. At such a time, chance visitors at a smallish hotel are not always welcome, but so pleasing was their reception, the service and their meal that they felt it worth special commendation.

It is not everyone who wants or can afford to stay at one of the larger hotels, especially if they have a young family to cope with. For such, get in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Tony Lloyd, who own the small fourteen-bedroom Cuffnells Hotel in Burlington Place. Having children of their own, they know the problems of washing, ironing, airing, food preparation and so on, and will lend a sympathetic ear both to you and your offspring.

While on the subject of Eastbourne, prospective visitors and residents may find the following gastronomic notes of value, for what could be a more worthy objective for a run out in the car than a good meal with the correct accompaniment—a bottle of wine.

Boreham Street, near Herstmonceux (Eastbourne 10 miles)—White Friars Buttery. Step down gladly below stairs—the cellars, in fact, of White Friars Hotel. Cleverly adapted, sound English fare can be enjoyed here, in an intimate candlelight atmosphere.

Lewes (Eastbourne 17 miles)—The White Hart. Here in the pine-panelled restaurant the scene is cleverly set for gastronomic enjoyment. In an old English background can be enjoyed a Continental atmosphere.

Bishopstone, near Seaford (Eastbourne 11 miles)—Little Hallands Hotel and Club. Tucked away in a fold in the South Downs is this attractive sixteenth-century house, where Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crawford have, since 1957, been attracting a wide circle of daily and residential visitors appreciative of good food and wine.

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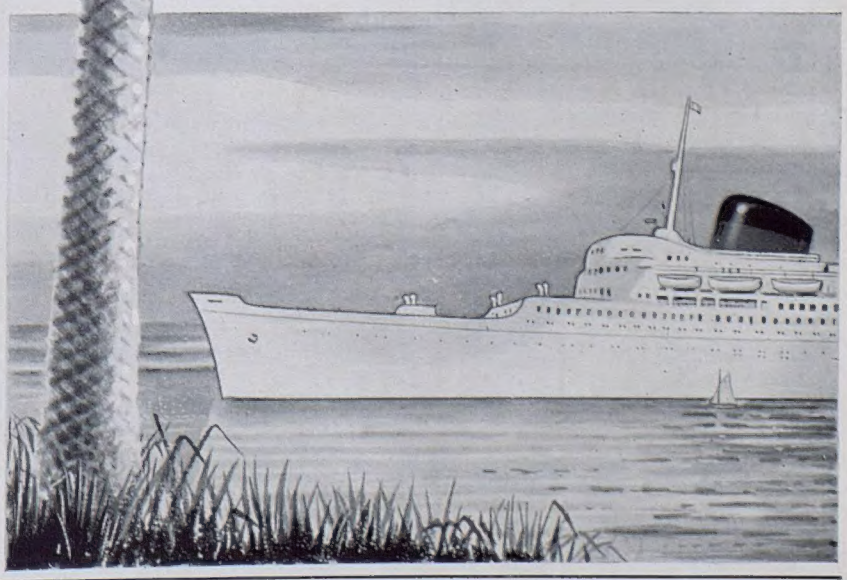

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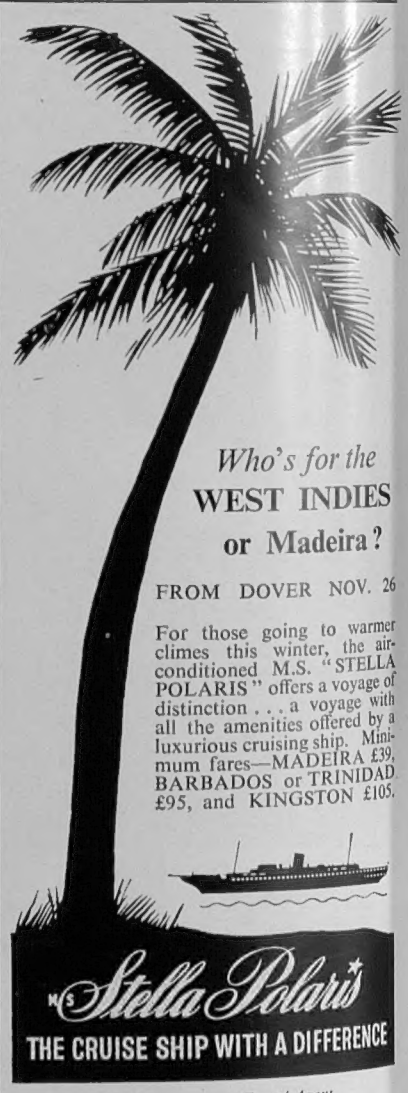

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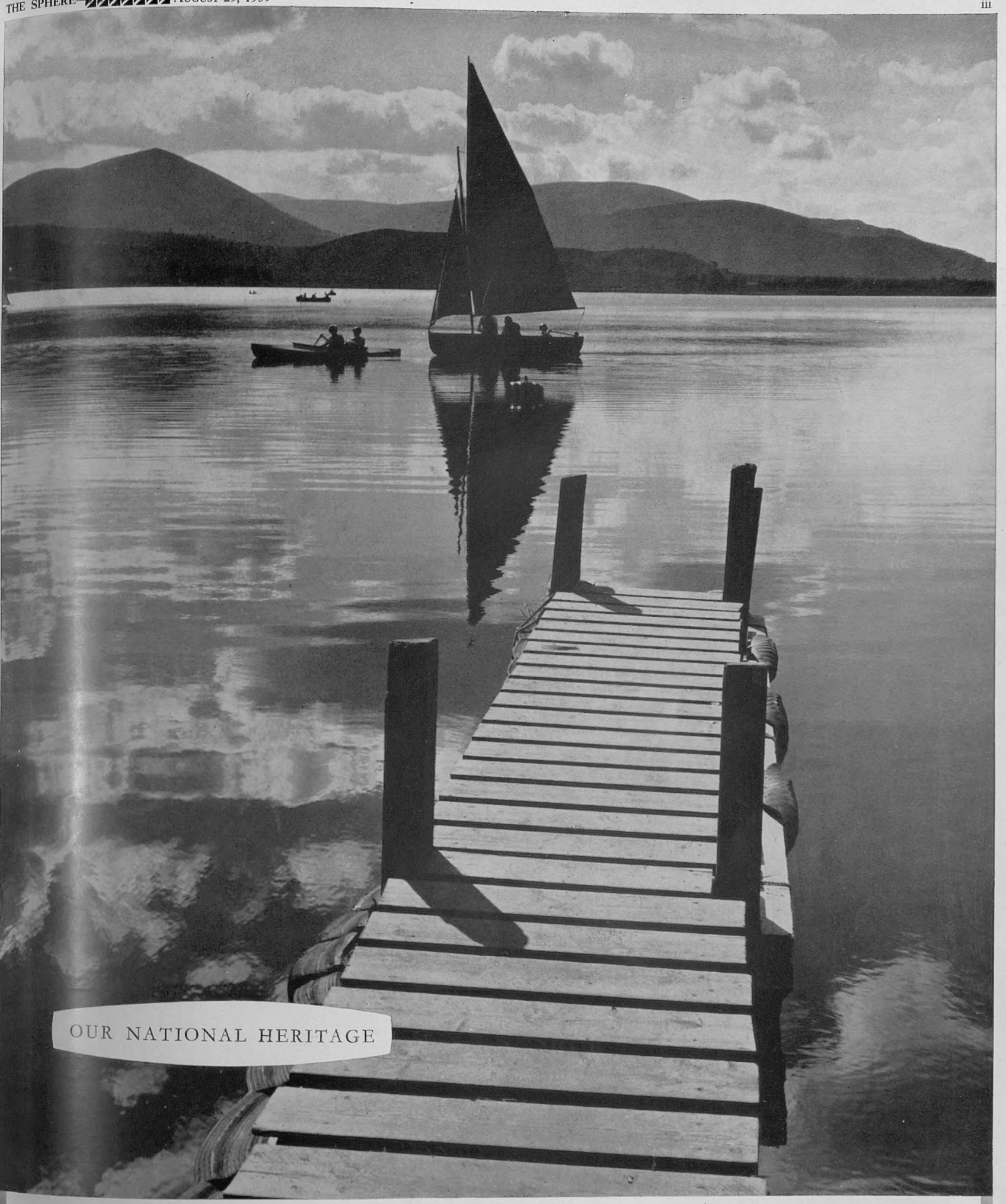

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